

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2457.—VOL. LXXXVIII.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1886.

TWO WHOLE SHEETS } SIXPENCE.  
AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT } By Post, 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d.



THE QUEEN AT THE LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION: HER MAJESTY KNIGHTING THE MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL, ON THE DAIS IN THE CENTRAL GALLERY.





The stormy, cold, un-May-like weather we have just had in England has been a great discomfort rather than a serious evil. In the United States, on the other hand, and on the continent of Europe, tempests of direful intensity have swept away life and property. It is said that the storms in Illinois, Michigan, and Kansas are the most destructive ever experienced in the States; and a hurricane similar in character has desolated Madrid, destroying many lives and an enormous amount of property. In Germany, Austria, and Italy, also, a hurricane, accompanied by lightning, thunder, and hail, has torn up strong trees by the root, thrown down houses and steeples, and proved destructive of life. We have had our storm, too, but it is in the political world; and though no lives have been lost in this whirlwind of controversy, several reputations have been damaged.

May is the month devoted to charity, and the outward and visible form of English charity is the bazaar. Beautiful women and fair maidens coin gold for benevolent objects, and by sweet and pretty ways allure their male victims to purchase what they do not want at thrice its market value for the good of the cause. What man's heart is so hard as to reject the entreaty to buy a rose-bud for a florin when a white hand is extended to fix it in the button-hole, and who can be bold enough to ask for change in hard cash when he receives instead of it a merry laugh or a bright smile. But even ladies at bazaars may ask too much, and the famous actress who kissed a cup of tea and then offered it to a gentleman for a sovereign must have felt a little confounded when he laid down the money, and then requested her to give him a clean cup.

Everybody admits that the abnormal growth of great cities is a source of many evils to society. It lowers the national vitality, it adds greatly to the difficulty of living, it leads to destitution, to immorality, and to crime. The best agencies of the day find it impossible to cope with the seething mass of misery that is a disgrace to the civilisation and to the Christianity of London. If, then, the Society for Promoting Industrial Villages can succeed in keeping country folk in the country by establishing rural industries, a great reform will be accomplished. There are many handicrafts that may be carried on more profitably in villages than in towns; and the social and moral benefits of such a change can scarcely be over-estimated. The council of the society is right in saying that their object cannot be regarded as an attempt to change the current of labour by artificial means. On the contrary, it is an effort to promote a natural and healthy revival of occupations which at one time flourished in country districts.

The project of forming a language for general use may be classed with the impracticable schemes which fascinate dreamers, and are laughed at by men of sense. There are now, we are told, two new languages in the field; but it is much easier to construct a new tongue than to make use of it; and it is infinite folly to suppose that all the nations of the world will agree to use the Volapuck of Schleyer or the Pasilingua of Steiner. It has been suggested that one of the existing European languages should be taught everywhere for international use; but who could persuade a German to employ French for that purpose, or a Frenchman to adopt English, or an Englishman to use Italian? Britons think, of course, that "the tongue which Shakspeare spake" is the only one that deserves to be universal; but, though it is spreading itself far and wide over the earth's surface, we are not vain enough to anticipate a time when English will be the language of the world.

Medieval artists committed anachronisms from an absolute indifference to historical fact; modern artists more frequently err by an over-scrupulous concern for truth of local colouring. In Mr. Calderon's picture of "Ruth and Naomi," in the present Academy Exhibition, the path is thickly hedged with prickly pear, which the painter no doubt knows to be common in Palestine at the present day. But the plant, though now diffused all over the tropics, is an importation from Mexico, and was seen by no inhabitant of the Old World for more than two thousand five hundred years after the time of Ruth. Saul, it is true, is dissuaded from kicking against the pricks, but the pricks intended are not those of the cactus.

We are glad to learn, by a communication from Dr. Eugene Oswald, that the translation of a German poem in Carlyle's handwriting, recently discovered by him, is not, as we had too hastily supposed, illegible; but that, in all probability, only time is needed to fully decipher it. Dr. Oswald also feels confident that the version is by Carlyle himself, and not a mere copy. This is interesting, not so much from any probable value in the lines, as from the evidence they afford that German literature had not lost its hold upon Carlyle in his old age. "On revient toujours à ses premiers amours."

Much has lately been said about Colonial defence, and a recent item of news from Australia suggests that much remains to say. The other day a Russian man-of-war presented herself off the Heads outside Melbourne Harbour, and, unseen by the ships supposed to be on guard, proceeded as far as Williamstown, where she was encountered by a message entreating her on no account to fire a salute, inasmuch as Melbourne had no guns wherewith to return the compliment. Twelve months ago every steam-collier was taken for a Russian cruiser, and no vessel was allowed to enter at night. There has since been ample time to arm the defences; and it is to be hoped that someone will insist upon knowing why this has been neglected.

What is the longest sermon in the world? We apprehend that this distinction must be due to the Rev. Alexander Clogie's "Vox Corvi; or, the Voice of a Raven, that thrice spoke these words distinctly, 'Look into Colossians the 3rd and 15th'" (London, 1694). This admonition, it appears, was given by a raven perched upon the top of the steeple to a little boy cutting a stick, and bore special reference to the misunderstandings then existing in his grandfather's family. Taking the hint, the Rev. Mr. Clogie enlarged upon the raven's text to the extent of 166 pages small octavo. It is right to observe that the discourse was probably not delivered exactly as printed, certain paragraphs being intended for the benefit of individuals and classes presumably absent from the congregation, as, for example, King William and Queen Mary.

Competitive examinations are all the rage nowadays; and the competitors who answer most questions correctly are supposed to be the "pick of the bunch." But it is quite certain that in the very manner of failing to answer a question a candidate may display gifts superior to those of the successful respondent. There is a legend that, in days gone by, a certain undergraduate named Barstow (whether related to a worthy magistrate of that name in the present day, or even that worthy magistrate himself, is not stated) was requested in a mathematical paper of the degree examination at Cambridge to "graduate the common steel-yard," and returned the following neat reply: "Barstow cannot graduate the common steel-yard; but please graduate Barstow." No comment is necessary.

In Walford's "Antiquarian" somebody writes, "it will be found that Dr. Johnson was not, as some people fancy, the first person who reported the debates of our Houses of Parliament." Do people fancy this? That Dr. Johnson wrote speeches which honourable members might have delivered, but did not deliver (save in purport), many folk have long held to be an acknowledged fact; still, if the writer of the words quoted above be correct, it only tends to show, as has frequently been pointed out, that somehow nobody ever was the first to do anything; at least, you never can get at that person. No doubt, it will come out that Mr. Champion Roberts was not the first to make a break of more than five hundred "all round" at billiards. Cleopatra, perhaps, preceded him.

Lord Redesdale, whose peculiarities in dress were well known, used to tell an amusing story of what befell him on one occasion, when calling early one morning upon a well-known Cabinet Minister. The hall porter, who had been recently appointed, imagined that the visitor was an applicant for some post in the stables; and, after a short parley, promised to introduce him without delay if "he would stand something," commending at the same time the beer of the neighbouring tap. Lord Redesdale at once saw materials for an elaborate mystification, went to the public-house, and returned with the foaming pewter. The hall porter, on his side, kept his bargain, and at the first opportunity proposed to usher in his friend before those already waiting for an audience. Thinking, however, that it was necessary to know his friend's name, he asked whether he had it written down on a piece of paper. Lord Redesdale fumbled for a moment or two until the pair reached the door of the reception-room, when he handed his card to the friendly janitor. His Lordship, who was a sedulous theatre-goer, added that he never enjoyed anything equal to the expression of the man's face on reading the name of the visitor, whom he was unable, from sheer speechlessness, to announce.

The labour agitation, which has apparently struck root in various parts of the United States, bears singular resemblance to the earlier campaigns of our own workmen. Before trades' unionism had introduced and popularised a certain rough-and-ready political economy for their use, the cry of the working men was—

Eight hours' work, eight hours' play,  
Eight hours' sleep, and eight shillings a day;

and, although we may doubt if all American craftsmen will be content with wages of two dollars a day, the rest of the programme is identical on both sides of the Atlantic. To Belgian and German working men, accustomed to twelve and even fourteen hours' work at far lower rates of wages, such a cry may well seem preposterous; and the result will probably show that all efforts to restrain man's activity by artificial limits will prove as futile now as they did fifty years ago.

The republication, under the title "Les Artistes Célèbres," of the series of monographs which have appeared from time to time in that well-known periodical, *L'Art*, places them, in a portable form, within the reach of a larger public. The illustrations by which the articles are accompanied have, it is true, lost some of their original sharpness of outline; but the letterpress, which it is the object of these essays to popularise, is as fresh and suggestive as ever. M. Eugène Müntz, who acts as the general editor of the series, has a catholic taste in art, as well as a keen sense of putting his hand upon competent and appreciative critics. Thus, for example, M. Charles Triarte discourses on Fortuny; M. Emile Michel, on Rembrandt; and M. Collignon, on Phidias. No other Frenchman probably knows half so much as M. Philippe Burty about Bernard Palissy, and M. E. Müntz's own study of Donatello is a model for his collaborators to imitate. The list of artists chosen is as varied as that of their critics, and among the list we find Van Der Meer of Delft assigned to M. Henri Havard, Sir Joshua Reynolds to M. Ernest Chesneau, Jacques Callot to M. Marius Vachon, and so *suam exique*. The price at which these various studies are issued is such as to tempt art students of all ranks, whilst a complete collection will form a very valuable work of reference, worthy of a place in every library, public or private.

## POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

MAY 22, 1886.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence*. To Alexandria, Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence*; THIN EDITION, *Twopence*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Threepence*. Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

## GREEK PLAYS.

The archaeologists are revelling just now in the fields of Grecian art. Eminent members of the Royal Academy are arranging tableaux vivants from the old Homeric Legend; distinguished authorities at the British Museum are consulted as to what Æschylus or Sophocles would have done had either been commissioned to write a play for an Athenian manager; a modern horse circus is turned into a theatre as it might have stood on the Acropolis; the history of tragedy is traced from the religious festivals in honour of Bacchus, and the "goat-songs" that first suggested the strophe and antistrophe of a Greek chorus; society is ransacked for comely maidens, with stately figures and classic profiles, to patter about marble pavements with sandalled feet, and to meander round the thymele, or altar, perfumed with incense. Hymns to pagan deities have superseded the lyrics of Gilbert and the merry music of Sir Arthur Sullivan; and there has been a generous display of classically modelled neck and white arm.

Mr. E. W. Godwin, who has done so much for the accurate representation of classic scenes in modern plays at many a theatre, and who is a recognised authority on architecture and costume, has been the prime mover in the most important revival of a form of Greek art. He has built up, with the aid of Mr. Hann, an Athenian theatre at Hengler's Circus, where, for the first time, we can see how a Greek play was acted, where the chorus stood, how they were grouped, the relative value of orchestra and proscenium, and the outward shape of those famous tragedies of the great masters whose text we all repeated by heart at school, and whose choral odes were so uncommonly difficult to translate. Unquestionably, Mr. Godwin and his friends have presented Society with a very pretty picture. English girls of refinement and breeding, attired as Grecian maidens in the days of Æschylus, look extremely well, posed about a marble altar or lolling on the steps leading to the upper stage. They are fair to look upon, stately in mien; they can walk well, stretch out their arms with effect, and faithfully obey the instructions of the æsthetic drill-master. Were a Greek play merely a living embodiment of one of Alma Tadema's pictures, nothing could well have been prettier than this chorus of Greek girls wailing a strophe before the palace of Priam at day-break, or lamenting the fall of Troy and the death of Paris at the setting of the sun. But the power of the archaeologist has its limits. He can build a theatre and adorn it, but he cannot make the prettiest girl in all London sing in tune; he cannot discipline the eccentricities of amateur musicians; he cannot create artists to play love-scenes; nor can he induce the modern actor or actress to appreciate the glow of modern poetry. Mr. Godwin did excellent work so far as it went, but the form of a theatre and the shape of a dress are not the sole requisites of Grecian tragedy. Poetry counts for something, and the art of acting for something more. It was this art of acting that was so lamentably deficient in the original English play in Greek form produced for the sake of airing Mr. Godwin's experiment, and for pleasing the æsthetic and literary section of fashionable society.

"Helena in Troas" is not a very strong or dramatic play, but it is an extremely fanciful and pretty one. Mr. John Todhunter tells, in simple fashion, and with the aid of graceful verse, the despair of Priam and Hecuba at the disaster that befel Troy; the abiding devotion of Paris for the ill-starred Helen; the generous resolve of her lover to save the city; his wound at the hand of Philoctetes; the interview with Ænone, and the death of Priam's son. All this would be very well, save for the fact that the chorus cannot pronounce distinctly or sing in tune, that the general representation of the play is singularly unimpressive, and that Mr. Todhunter's tragedy is considerably over the heads of the majority of those selected to interpret it. It is generally believed that these bold attempts at tragic revivalism are doing some important good to the English stage. We are told that art is somehow or other to be elevated, because archaeologists set to work with their books of architecture and costumes. At present they only serve to show the singular weakness of the majority of our cleverest actors and actresses when they are removed from their ordinary duties of walking ladies and gentlemen. Poetry can never be made palatable on the stage, or in any form, unless it is spoken by such as understand it; music will never charm unless it be correctly sung. These things are indispensable; and, though society may go into raptures over pretty pictures of grouped Grecian girls, still the finest Greek play in the world, if written by an ancient Sophocles or a modern Todhunter, is simply useless unless it is attacked in a bolder and nobler spirit than this. The minority may applaud, but the vast majority will vote a badly-acted Greek play simply dull and almost unendurable. The Priams and Hecubas, the Helens and Ænones, the Hectors and Andromaches, the Paris and Achilles of ancient fable, be it Homeric or post-Homeric, were dramatic giants. They are ideal heroes and heroines, and we cannot help idealising them. Mere intelligence will not give them life on any stage. Whilst thanking Mr. Godwin, therefore, for his beautiful theatre and his pretty pictures, it is impossible to avoid a passing regret that the experiment has not given birth to better acting, or has not created the faintest hope that the poetic drama can flourish under such amiable and amateurish conditions.

The experiment at the Prince's Hall was, so far as the acting art is concerned, even more feeble than that at Hengler's Circus. Professor Warr, of King's College, has arranged for dramatic representation certain excerpts from the Orestean trilogy of Æschylus; several eminent artists had arranged the tableaux; but the stage space was cramped, the action was hampered, the musical arrangements were inefficient, and only one actress rose to the occasion, and seemed lost in the passion of her personation. This young lady was Miss Dorothy Dene, who played Cassandra with real fire, and is evidently an artist of considerable promise. This is the only way a Greek play can be acted—by losing one's identity in the character, and by being absorbed in the contemplation of a great subject. We perpetually hear that actors and actresses would arise if they only had something great and noble to say. The degradation of modern art is ascribed to the dramatist and dramatist alone; but surely Mr. Todhunter's love-scenes for Paris, Helen and Ænone, and the lament of Hecuba were good enough for any actor or actress. They failed to elicit one sympathetic throb. The love-scenes were for the most part feeble; the passionate passages were too often ludicrous. Mere recitation will not do for plays of this kind. Helen, with her absorbing love; Ænone, with her passionate revenge; Paris, with his nobility of sentiment, must be more like the Cassandra of Miss Dorothy Dene to be effective. They must be out of the modern groove—artistic, not amateurish; classical, not modern; a little less commonplace, and a little more inspired. Still, however weak, however unimaginative, however destitute of fire and rapture and æsthetic beauty these Greek plays proved to be, they will not have been performed in vain if they teach the modern actor and actress how much they have to learn before their trials are over, and what a mighty part imagination plays in the highest exercises of their art.

C. S.



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

## CONCLUDING NOTICE.

In Gallery V. are to be found some very fair landscapes and sea pieces. Of the latter, Mr. Henry Moore's "Sound of Isla" (404), heaving lazily under the flashing rays of the setting sun, is almost a chef-d'œuvre. One is glad to welcome back Mr. Phil R. Morris to a style of painting he has too long neglected. "The Lone Farm" (433) proves that he still retains that sympathy for English scenery which he at one time showed when following more closely in the footsteps of his master, the late George Mason. Mr. Peter Graham's "Across the Moor" (445) and Mr. H. W. B. Davis's "Fording" (421) are variations upon themes with which these Academicians have made us almost too familiar. We therefore hail with satisfaction such pictures as Mr. Val Davis's "House by the River" (473), Mr. A. J. Hook's "Down Mainsail" (460), and Mr. Edward H. Fahey's delightful reminiscence of the Norfolk broads—"By the Way" (446). Mr. Frank Holl's portrait of "Sir John Millais" (405) will carry, to future visitors of the Diploma Gallery, a very inadequate notion of both artist's and sitter's real power. It is neither respectful to his art, to his colleagues, nor to himself that Mr. Holl should consent to show, in the only work for which he may think himself inadequately paid, evidences of carelessness and haste. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Magic Circle" (450) is one of those dramatic scenes in which he has on more than one occasion displayed his skill. It is a strange, weird picture of an incantation by moonlight in some sandy Eastern wilderness. In the background, crouching among the low rocky cliffs, are emerging from a dark cave one or two awe-struck figures; but it is chiefly upon the sorceress that Mr. Waterhouse has bestowed his "magic" power. Her look of frenzied longing for the apparition she has evoked, yet dreads, is admirably rendered. In the adjoining Gallery VI., M. Carolus Duran's portrait of "Miss Robbins" (493) marks the difference between English and French portrait-painting. The likeness may be truthful, and the pose becoming, but one feels that the artist's first object was artistic effect, and he has attained it in the fullest sense. If, on the other hand, we turn to Mr. W. H. Margetson's portrait of "Mrs. F. R. Richardson" (529), we are in face of a work in which we instinctively feel that the artist, clever as he is, has thought more of his model than of the effect he might produce. From Mr. Margetson, a name hitherto unknown to us, we have another charming study, "The Squire's Daughter" (508), in grey fur cape, over a brown dress. Both these works exhibit delicate colouring combined with solid painting. Mr. Knighton Warren's portrait of "Mr. James Williamson" (480) is a splendid piece of work, showing that he is not dependent upon fantastic accessories for producing effect. Mr. William Logsdail's "Preparing for the Procession" (554) is full of quaint humour and of bits of excellent painting. The tub and pavement are admirable, and so is the eagerly attentive dog; but the man is poor in design, and too black in colour. In Mr. H. Helmick's "Preparing for Christmas" (576)—a group of women plucking turkeys—we have plenty of character, under more familiar aspects. Mr. Austen Brown's "Playmates" (481), Mr. Arthur Stock's "Rod in Pickle" (538), and Miss Dealy's "Would he like to go back to the sea?" (484), are all worthy of attention; and Mr. Blair Leighton's "Confessional" (512) may repay those who are able to solve its secret. But by far the most important work in this room is Mr. John R. Reid's "Shipwreck" (566), painted as it is with almost tragic power. Under the dark and stormy sky, the victims are being rapidly brought to shore; wives and children, pale and anxious, are thronging round the weather-beaten sailors. The subject may be commonplace, but Mr. Reid has the power of giving to such a scene living interest.

History or historical episodes occupy considerable space in Gallery No. VII. Of such, Mr. Seymour Lucas's "Peter the Great at Deptford" (654), learning shipbuilding among a crowd of half-sneering courtiers, is the best; and "The First Coming of the Sword of Islam into Spain" (676), by Mr. J. A. Herbert, R.A., is probably the worst. Between these two limits we should place Mr. Emslie's "Samuel Crompton Inventing the Spinning-Wheel" (655), Mr. Haynes Williams' "Cellini and François I." (608), Mr. D. W. Wynfield's "Fall of Queen Elizabeth Woodville" (661), and Mr. C. E. Johnson's "Raising the Standard" (646). But, at the best, these works are but enlarged genre pictures, and cannot claim to revive the apparently dead school of English historical painting. We turn, therefore, with pleasure and satisfaction to the freshness and reality of Mr. Hitchcock's "Alma Mater" (636)—a Dutch mother surrounded by her children, a touching homely scene, and one which for simplicity of treatment and skillfulness of arrangement we would compare with Mr. J. H. Lorimer's "Quiet Corner" (894), a real pearl, almost lost among its flashy surroundings. Mr. Savage Cooper's "Lark" (629) is also a clever work: a young girl standing in a field, shading her eyes with her right hand, gazing heavenwards. The landscape beyond is grey and purple with early morning tints, and contrasts well with the yellow daffodils which give the key-note of the girl's dress. Mr. R. W. Macbeth's "Sodden Fen" (598) and "Fen-lode" (604) are two powerful landscapes, strongly marked by the artist's individuality; but it is of a type which shows more variety than Mr. W. B. Leader's, whose "End of the Day" (654), crisp and clever though it be, is almost an exact repetition of more than one previous work. Mr. Colin Hunter's "When the Boats Came In" (645), Mr. Andrew Black's "Harvest of the Poor" (633), and Mr. Joseph Knight's "October Day" (665) are valuable contributions to English landscape art; but we think Mr. W. Dendy Sadler's "Habet" (605), the fisherman monk bringing home the monster pike, is scarcely so humorous, though as skilfully executed, as much of his previous work.

Gallery VIII. contains, amongst a large number of pleasant but not very important works, a few which demand special attention. Of these Mr. Solomon's "Cassandra" (734) is far away the most striking. It represents the younger Ajax forcibly carrying off the daughter of Priam from the sanctuary of the goddess, where she had taken refuge. With none of the affectation of the neo-classicists, and none of the staginess of the romanticists, Mr. Solomon has succeeded in drawing the antique as it is rarely seen on this side the channel. The painting, too, of the lifeless Cassandra, from whom the thin garments have been torn, is an ideal painting of flesh, and not a mere academic study of the nude. It is sincerely to be hoped that this departure by a young man of promise from the conventional habits of the English school will meet with its reward, and that Mr. Solomon's "Cassandra" will not pass into the hands of a private collector. Mr. Sargent's portrait of the three "Miss Vickers" (709) is an admirable specimen of what, for want of a better term, we may call vivid portraiture. One sees how he has attempted to engrave French method and dash upon the solid principles on which Velasquez worked. Unfortunately, the aniline dyes, which seem to have such attraction for the Misses Vickers, are precisely those colours which accord least with the black and white that play so important a part in Velasquez's colouring. Miss Montalba's "Port of Amsterdam" (708) is

mellow than many of her recent works, and of late years she seems to have placed herself more in sympathy with the Dutch rather than the Venetian atmosphere. Mr. J. Lavery's "Tennis Match" (740) is in every respect noteworthy; bold and original in composition, and exceedingly charming and fresh in its colouring; and "Beg, Sir" (687), by the same artist, is far above the average, both in the painting of the sand and sea and of the little dog. Mr. John Collier's "Manads" (757) chasing a kid is a noisy scene, and offers but little in common with classical conceptions of these maidens' revels. Of Mr. W. L. Picknell's "Dreary Waste of Sand and Shore" (729) we have already spoken, but are glad to call attention to it again. Mr. Yeend King's "One Silver Summer's Morning" (705), Mr. David Murray's "Loch Katrine" (713), Mr. T. B. Kennington's "Orphans" (741), M. Eugène de Blaas' "Flower Merchant" (758) all deserve a passing notice. In Gallery IX. are brought together a large number of pictures cabinet-size, amongst which all but the most earnest picture-seers will lose their patience. Excellent works like Mr. Alma Tadema's "Rose of all the Roses" (818), Mr. Hook's "Undergraduate" (827), and others run the risk of being lost sight of altogether. In addition to these we would call attention to Mr. Matthew Hale's "Sleep" (905), a specimen of the new school, and Mr. G. Bernard O'Neill's "Christmas Eve" (923), an excellent specimen of the old school of English genre painting. Mr. Blair Leighton's "Too Near to be Pleasant" (219), Miss Logsdail's "Canal Scene" (835), Mr. Tom Griffith's "Woodland Spring" (799), and Mr. Faed's "Sunday Afternoon" (806), are pleasant examples of their respective painters. Mr. C. Van Haanen's "Spring-tide in Venice" (781) is quiet and subdued compared with much of his previous work. The humourists find admirable exponents in Mr. Andrew Gow's "Horse Dealer" (802), and Mr. H. P. Dolman's "Dick Swiveller's Marchioness" (792), playing cribbage by the light of a dubious candle. In the adjoining room, battle scenes by Mr. Eyre Crowe (976), Mr. C. E. Fripp (988), and Mr. G. Douglas Giles (960) enable one to contrast the special qualities of these three gentlemen; but we think Mr. Burton-Barber's "In Disgrace" (1008) and Mr. Stanhope Forbes' "Off to the Fishing-ground" (1021) will attract more general attention and leave more definite impressions. The former of these two represents a charming little child "in the corner," whilst her faithful fox-terrier comes to console his mistress, and to share her troubles. In the last room, M. Fantin's "Autour du Piano" (1093) is an excellently painted group of portraits of men standing round a piano smoking, while one of their number is playing. The only colours are black and grey; but so skilfully managed that, as in Frank Hals' pictures, no sense of heaviness or monotony is conveyed. The ease, moreover, of the attitudes, and their apparent unconsciousness of posing for their portraits, is not the least clever part of this very notable picture. Just underneath, hangs Mr. Henry Moore's best sea-piece of the year—"Mount's Bay" (1094). The summer sun is just rising above the horizon, gilding the clouds, which reflect their bronze colours on the upper facets of the waves. So truthfully and skilfully has Mr. Moore done his work, that the water seems to be moving under the spectator's eyes. Mr. David Murray's "Glen Falloch" (1041) and Mr. Vicat Cole's "Great Marlow" (1052) are capital landscapes. Mr. Harry Dixon's "The King" (1092) shows considerable power in animal painting, the lion, which occupies the most important part, being boldly drawn. Mr. Walton's portrait of "Mrs. Isaac Walton" (1087) is, if not the best, at least the most interesting of the single portraits in this room. We do not propose to dwell at any length on the water colours, although they are of a very high level of excellence. We must mention, however, the names of Miss Anna Alma Tadema, M. Jules Lessore, Miss Jane Dealy, Mr. Alfred Parsons, and Miss Helen Thornycroft as a few amongst the many who have distinguished themselves. We are glad, too, to notice the almost lost art of miniature-painting seems to be reviving, perhaps now that photography is passing into the hands of amateurs. Of the principal objects of interest in the sculpture-rooms, we have already spoken; but to them we should add Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's "Sower" (1924), obviously inspired by Millet's picture, but forming, nevertheless, an admirable companion to his "Reaper," of some years back. Mr. Onslow Ford's statuette "Folly" (1925) is scarcely up to the level of his work last year, but his bronze head of a "Hop-picker" (1814) is full of character. Mr. George Lawson's "Summer" (1823), a full-length extended figure thrown backwards, is cleverly modelled, although it wants the classical refinement of Mr. Nelson MacLean's "Contemplation" (1818), of which the weakest point is its somewhat feeble expression.

The Wakefield Chamber of Commerce is seeking the co-operation of other Chambers in the West Riding in promoting the scheme for a ship canal from the Humber to Wakefield.

The freedom of the town of Hythe has been presented to Sir Edward Watkin, in recognition of his eminent services to the borough during the twelve years which he has represented it in Parliament. The honour was accompanied by a handsome piece of plate, subscribed for by upwards of 300 burgesses, amongst whom were more than 200 working men. After the ceremony Lady Watkin unveiled a drinking fountain presented to the town by the Mayor.

The Marquis of Londonderry, at his annual audit, held at Seaham Harbour, has reduced the rents of his farms by from 16 to 20 per cent.—Intimation has been given to the tenantry on the Earl of Devon's estate in the county of Limerick that a reduction of 15 per cent will be allowed on rents due last September, if paid before the 31st inst. If the tenants persist in refusing to pay the rents after this offer, legal proceedings will be taken for the recovery of the amount due.

Three gentlemen recently received the honour of knighthood at the hands of the Queen—Mr. Dyce Duckworth M.D.; Mr. James Brunlees, engineer of the Mersey Tunnel Railway; and Mr. Edgar MacCulloch, Bailiff of Guernsey. Sir Dyce Duckworth (whose Portrait we gave on the occasion of the opening by her Majesty of the Medical Examination Hall) is the youngest son of the late Mr. Robinson Duckworth, a Liverpool merchant, and brother of Canon Duckworth. He was born in Liverpool in 1840, and is connected with the Dyce family through his mother, daughter of William Nicol, M.D., of Stonehaven, N.B. He studied medicine in Edinburgh, and at St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and graduated M.D. at Edinburgh in 1863, with honours and a gold medal. He served in the Royal Navy as Assistant-Surgeon, 1864-5; was appointed Assistant-Physician on the staff of St. Bartholomew's Hospital in 1869; and was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of London in 1870, and Treasurer in 1884. He is Physician to and Lecturer on Clinical Medicine at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and representative of the Royal College of Physicians on the General Medical Council of Education and Registration of the United Kingdom. He married, in 1870, Annie Alicia, relict of the late Mr. John Smith, of Bombay.

## MUSIC.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The prospectus of the forthcoming season has just been issued, affording fuller information than was before obtainable. As we have already announced, the opening night is fixed for next Tuesday. There will be twenty-four performances—three weekly: on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The list of artists comprises the names of Mesdames Albani, Cepeda, and Scalchi; Mdles. Velmi and Desvignes, and MM. Gayarre, Runcio, Marini, I. Corsi, Maurel, Pandolfini, Ughetti, Monti, and others. Besides these, first appearances are to be made by Mdles. Ella Russell, G. Valda, E. Calvé, E. Teodorini, and T. Lubatovi; and Signori Luberti, D'Andrade, Pinto, and Carbone. Signor Bevignani as conductor, Mr. Carrodus as leading violinist, and Mr. G. H. Betjemann as conductor of the ballet, are valuable re-appointments. In the last-named department, Mdle. Scorialino (from La Scala, Milan) will be the principal.

"Colomba" (the English opera composed by Mr. Mackenzie for the Carl Rosa season at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1883) will be produced in an Italian version; Madame Albani will appear in some of her most attractive performances; and Hérol's "Zampa" and Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" will be given, with the characters of the hero in each filled, respectively, by M. Maurel and Signor Gayarre, as recently sustained by them with great success in Paris.

Señor Sarasate gave the third of his series of orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon, when his own admirable violin performances were special features of the programme.

The third Richter concert of the new series, on Monday evening, brought forward, for the first time in London, the incidental music composed by Dr. C. V. Stanford to the "Eumenides" of Æschylus. It was originally produced at Cambridge, in association with a stage performance of the drama. Dr. Stanford has judiciously avoided a pedantic attempt to imitate Greek music—of which, indeed, little, if anything definite, is known—but has followed the example set by Mendelssohn in his music to "Antigone" and "Œdipus"—that is, the expression of serious dignity and tender pathos by simple means that are appreciable by modern hearers. The music to "Eumenides" consists of an overture, an orchestral "intermezzo," entractes, and a series of choruses, these being the most important features of the work. They are deeply impressive, and were admirably sung (to the original Greek text) by members of the Cambridge University Musical Society. Other items of the concert call for no specific remark.

The Royal Society of Musicians gave the 148th annual festival last week, at St. James's Hall, under the presidency of the Hon. Mr. Justice Chitty, who made an admirable speech in advocating the claims of the society on public support. Speeches were also made during the evening by Sir G. A. Macfarren, Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, M.P., and Mr. J. Hollingshead, and others; and some effective vocal performances were contributed by Madame Patey, Mdle. De Lido, Mr. Winch, and the London Vocal Union, interspersed with pianoforte and violoncello solos skilfully played, respectively, by Miss Fanny Davies and Signor Pezze.

Mr. Carrodus's concert at St. James's Hall was a specialty in last week's music. Our excellent violinist displayed his finished skill in pieces by his master, the late Bernard Molique—the fifth concerto and a "Fandango"—each of which was given with excellent command of bow and finger-board. Sir Arthur Sullivan's symphony in E (conducted by himself) was a feature in the programme. It is a fine work, that has been given with success at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, and was again appreciated on the occasion now referred to, when the orchestra was also heard in Mr. Mackenzie's ballade "La Belle Dame sans Merci," and Sir G. A. Macfarren's overture "Chevy Chase." Madame C. Samuël sang, with much effect, the cavatina from "Der Freischütz," and the song "When the elves," from Wallace's opera "The Amber Witch." With the exception above specified, the concert was conducted by Mr. Mackenzie.

Mr. Charles Hallé's excellent Chamber-Music Concerts entered on a new season at Prince's Hall last Saturday afternoon, when he played, with his well-known refinement, Schumann's solo pianoforte sonata in G minor; in association with Madame Norman-Néruda, Bach's sonata in A for piano and violin; and, in co-operation with the lady violinist and Signor Piatti, Dvorák's Trio Op. 65 and Beethoven's Op. 97.

Herr Rubinstein's series of seven historical pianoforte recitals began at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon, when his remarkable and versatile powers were displayed in a selection of pieces by early English, French, and Italian composers, followed by extracts from the works of Sebastian and Emanuel Bach, Haydn, and Mozart. His playing was characterised by alternate delicacy and grandeur, his remarkable powers of memory having been manifested in the execution of a long programme without book. Herr Rubinstein was at his very best on Tuesday, and was enthusiastically received by a crowded audience.

The Philharmonic Society gave the fifth concert, and last but one of the seventy-fourth season, at St. James's Hall during this week. The programme included M. Saint-Saëns's new symphony composed (for the society) and conducted by himself, and his performance of Beethoven's fourth pianoforte concerto. Of these and other features of the concert we must speak next week.

There was a great concert at the Albert Hall on Wednesday evening in aid of the funds of the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum, Madame Christine Nilsson, Madame Trebelli, Mr. Sims Reeves, and other celebrities assisting. The concert was given under the special patronage of her Majesty.—Señor Cor De Lass gave a pianoforte recital on Wednesday afternoon at Messrs. Collard's pianoforte and concert rooms; Madame Frickenhaus and Herr Josef Ludwig gave their second chamber concert on Thursday evening at the Prince's Hall; and Signor L. Denza's annual concert will be given this (Saturday) evening at Prince's Hall.

Signor Romano's annual concert will take place next Monday at 16, Grosvenor-street. Madame De Fonblanque-Campbell, Mdle. Delphine Le Brun, Signor Guido Papini, and other artists are announced to appear.

Mrs. Dutton Cook (Mrs. Charles Yates) will give a morning concert at 1, Belgrave-square, next Tuesday, the 25th inst. Among the artists are Madame Valleria, Miss Myers, Madame Marie Roze; Messrs. Winch, De Lara, and Bernard Lane. George Grossmith is down for a musical sketch, and Mrs. Bernard Beere and William Terriss will recite. Mrs. Dutton Cook will herself play a couple of pianoforte solos.

Lord Thurlow has been appointed High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

This (Saturday) afternoon the Victoria Rifle give their annual military tournament at the head-quarters of the corps, Marlborough-place, St. John's-wood.



# THE HEIR OF THE AGES.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGER," "THE CANON'S WARD," ETC.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### A DEAL.

Before Lizzie left the Look-out that evening—for it is needless to say that Aunt Jane and she were constrained to remain to dinner—she found the opportunity of having a private talk with Mary. She learnt that, though the Squire was still at Burrow Hall, his position was greatly altered; he had lost large sums in speculation; and the property was much involved. It had been obviously a relief to him when Mrs. Meyrick had proposed to take charge of his daughter. "I offered to stay with poor papa," said Mary, "but he did not want me. He said he wanted nobody. It will be very wretched for him. Jefferson and he have had some disagreement about the entail. He will come down, I believe, in the shooting season, and then papa will go elsewhere. It is a miserable story."

"And as to your own affairs, darling?" inquired Miss Dart.

"They can scarcely be called affairs," she answered, smiling, "they are so insignificant. I have a thousand pounds from dear mamma, the interest of which at present forms my pin-money. Whether I shall ever have anything more to live upon is doubtful. In the meantime, however, papa pays a certain sum for my maintenance to aunt. You must not blame him; he does as much as he can for me. Things do not look very bright, but they might have been much worse."

Miss Dart knew what she meant—namely, that she might have been still suffering from the persecution of Mr. Winthrop, which had now ceased. She had always sympathised with Mary upon that matter; but much more since she herself had learned how hateful to a woman's mind it was possible for a man to be. It was a subject much too unwelcome to be pursued.

"And Matthew?"

Mary's face, which had hitherto been serene and cheerful, became troubled at once.

"Matthew is no better. Oh! Lizzie, I fear, I fear, that he is getting worse. You see him now at his very best, because your coming has gladdened him. But sometimes—never before his mother, but only when we two are quite alone—it is very sad to hear him talk. It is not as if he did not wish to get well; he does wish it very much, poor fellow—but"

"That is so far in his favour," put in Lizzie, quickly. "It is only the Incurable who has neither wish nor hope. His very desire for life will help him to hold on to it."

Mary shook her head. "No, no; he feels it slipping from him, and that his grasp of it weakens almost daily. What will his mother do when he is gone?"

"And what will you do?" thought Lizzie to herself, as she gazed on her companion's face, which, shadowed by the coming woe, had suddenly lost its look of youth, and become grey and haggard. "Mary, dear, I have got a plan for Matthew. He must come up to town and see Dr. Dredge."

"Who is Dr. Dredge?"

"He is a physician who has made spinal complaint his peculiar study. When I tell you that Dr. Dalling once spoke to me about him, at Burrow Hall, as being the only man living likely to do Matthew good, you may be sure that he has some special gift. Your cousin, remember, has seen no one but a country doctor, in whom, moreover, he has himself but little confidence."

"He has confidence in no one. He is convinced that no skill can possibly do him good. While as to going up to town, the thought of the expense such a proceeding would entail, would, I am sure, prevent him doing any such thing, even if he were more hopeful. 'There has been enough money wasted upon me already by my poor mother,' he says."

"The cost is of no consequence. I have more money than I want, and nothing would please me so much as the spending of it to do Matthew good. One of the things—indeed, the main thing—I have come down here about is to obtain, through you, his consent to try Dr. Dredge. I would have

brought him down to see Matthew here, but that Mr. Argand tells me he will never leave town to visit anybody."

"You good, dear girl!" cried Mary, embracing her friend affectionately. "I will tell Matthew what you offer, because it will please him so, but I warn you beforehand that he will not consent. 'What?' he will say, 'do you think I would take Lizzie's money, which she has earned with her brain, any more than my dear mother's, and throw it into the gutter?'"

"But it may not be thrown into the gutter. It may bring health and strength, and, at all events, there is a chance of it. My plan is this—that Matthew and you, and Mrs. Meyrick, shall have our rooms, where we know we can make you comfortable; while Aunt Jane and I emigrate to the next floor."

"That is, we are to evict as well as ruin you. Why, it would cost a fortune."

"It would cost, perhaps, fifty pounds—perhaps a hundred. Let me tell you, Miss, I am now become a person of property,

Mr. Leyden, and then to talk about it, is not what is done in the best circles," she observed, reproachfully.

Nevertheless, Mr. Leyden was permitted to escort the two ladies home to the inn.

"At eleven, then, punctually?" said Lizzie, as he took his leave.

"Why not at ten?"

"Because between ten and eleven I have something particular to do."

"I never heard of anybody having anything particular to do in Casterton before," grumbled the antiquary; "but you always have your way. At eleven, then, let it be."

Aunt Jane and Lizzie breakfasted early the next morning—earlier, indeed, than the latter desired, for her own purposes; but it was impossible to restrain the elder lady's energy. "Every moment that I spend indoors," she said, "I grudge. I want to drink in as much of this glorious air, to see as

much of this lovely spot, as possible. It is not to be expected that I shall have such a holiday again. It seems to me that the whole scene will melt if once I take my eyes off it."

"Then you would really like to live here?"

"Don't, Lizzie, don't; it is cruel. The very notion of leaving it, as we must do to-morrow, I suppose, or the next day, appals me. Don't let me know when I am going till it is time to pack up. In the meantime, I am living here."

"Quite right; life is but thought," said Lizzie, smiling at her tenderly. "For the present, consider yourself a resident. Would you think it very unkind of me if I left you to your own devices for an hour or two this morning, though Mrs. Meyrick, you know, said she expected you after breakfast?"

"She is very good, and they are all as good to me as good can be; but I should like a little walk by the sea alone above all things. Somehow or other, Lizzie—I suppose it's the vastness and freedom of it—I always feel a better woman at the sea."

"Then what a good woman you would be if you lived here."

"Don't, Lizzie; don't, I say. I am no more fit for it than to live in Heaven. Look at that sea-gull! Not all the pigeons in the Marlebone-road can compare with it."

"If you go to the jetty—it's the first turning to the right—you'll see plenty of them. If I don't join you there, you'll find me at the Look-out."

Aunt Jane trotted off in the direction indicated, like a child on a holiday. She had no doubt that Lizzie had some of that wonderful literary work to do, which, considering the praise it brought, not to mention that sheaf of bank-notes which had dazzled her eyes the previous morning, seemed to her to have something of magic about it. Even that great work "The Life of Apollinaris" sank into insignificance beside it. She did not even dare to advise her niece not to work, as Mary had done, though she longed to do so. Lizzie knew what was good for her, and for everybody, so much better than she did. How everybody

who knew what she had done bowed down before her; never was there, surely, such a wonderful young woman. Dear Frederic had always said that it was much better to be good than clever (a remark which he had not the least idea was of an egotistic character); but Lizzie was as good, if that was possible, as she was clever.

Almost opposite the inn was the office of Mr. Snugg, the auctioneer and estate agent. As there was nothing to sell to anybody at Casterton, and no estate except Lord Destray's, even this double-barrelled business could not have brought him in much profit, but he was also a carpenter and builder. He had a front shop dedicated to the two humbler trades, where turning and planing were carried on, and a back parlour, hung with maps and plans, devoted to the agency.

In the latter apartment he was rarely to be found, not only because there was little to do there, but because it had only a bit of a skylight, and afforded no view save of the heavenly bodies. He liked to behold his fellow-creatures, and to mitigate the asperities of toil by conversation with the passers-by. A half-door, which communicated with the street, facilitated this; and any summer day Mr. Snugg was to be seen, leaning on the lower half, and looking up the street and down the street—if not for a customer, at least for a companion. We



DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

"If you will be kind enough to step into the office, Miss Dart, I will be with you in a minute."

and that a hundred pounds would neither make me nor break me. You will not go into these details with Matthew, of course; but I entreat of you to persuade him."

"I will do my best, though I know that I shall fail. I shall be your debtor for what you would have done as long as I live."

"I shall leave you two alone to-morrow morning," said Lizzie, "to discuss the matter; and I dare say Mrs. Meyrick will kindly take Aunt Jane off my hands till luncheon time, as I have a little business to transact upon my own account."

"Not work, dear Lizzie; I do hope you will take a complete holiday while you are down here. Mrs. Richter tells me that your pen is never out of your hand at home."

"I promise you it is nothing to tax my brain," said Lizzie, laughing; and here Roger Leyden came up and pointed to the clock, which stood at a very late hour indeed, as hours were reckoned at Casterton. "You will never keep your appointment with me on the hill to-morrow, Miss Dart, if you don't get some beauty sleep."

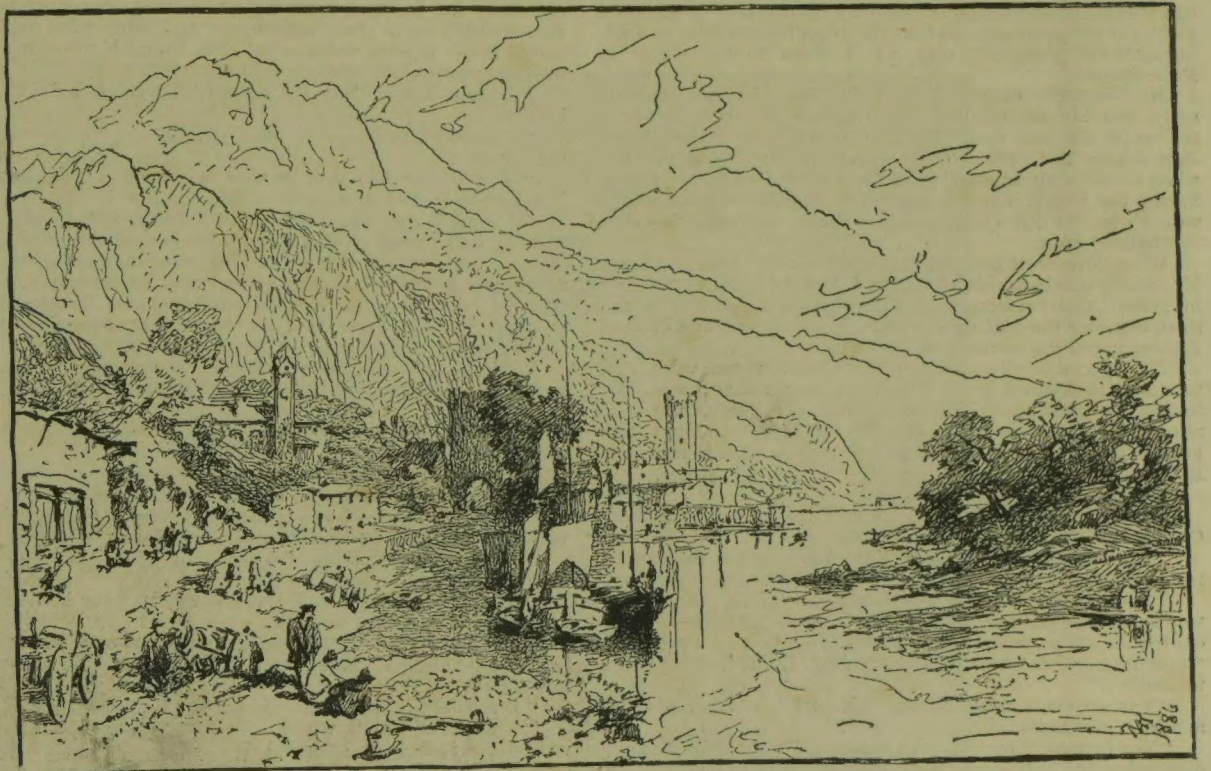
"Oh, that's the business you have to transact which will not tax your brain, is it?" whispered Mary, roguishly. Lizzie nodded assent. "To make an assignation with a young lady,



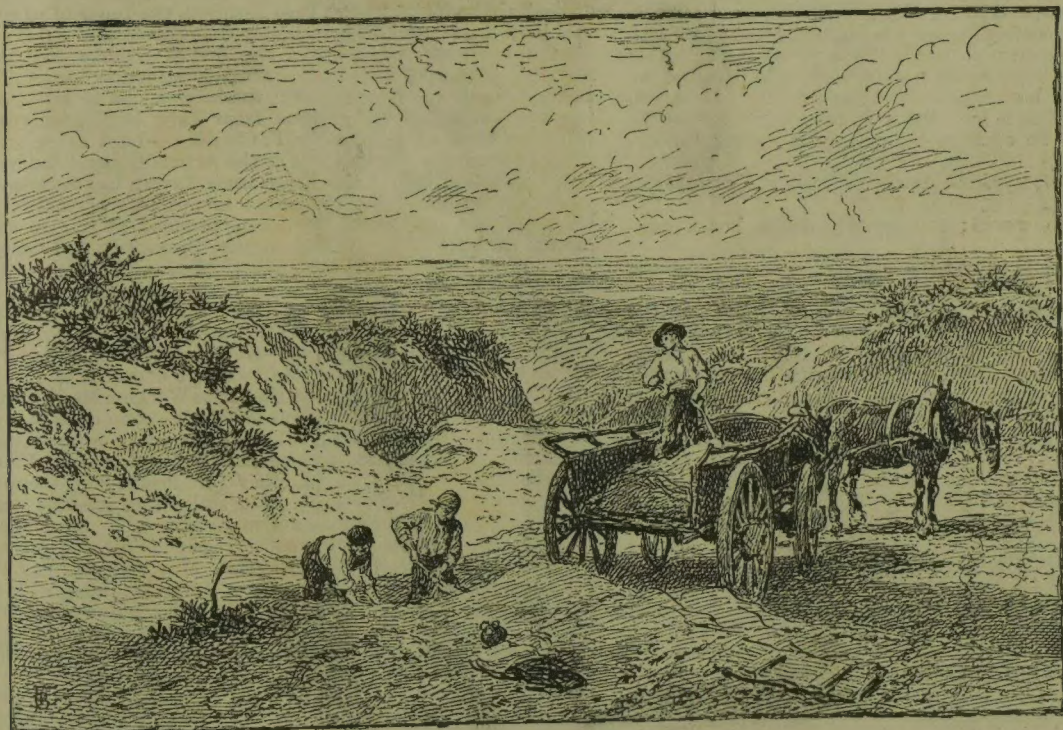
PICTURES AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.



MA BONNIE BAIRN.—A. H. MARSH.



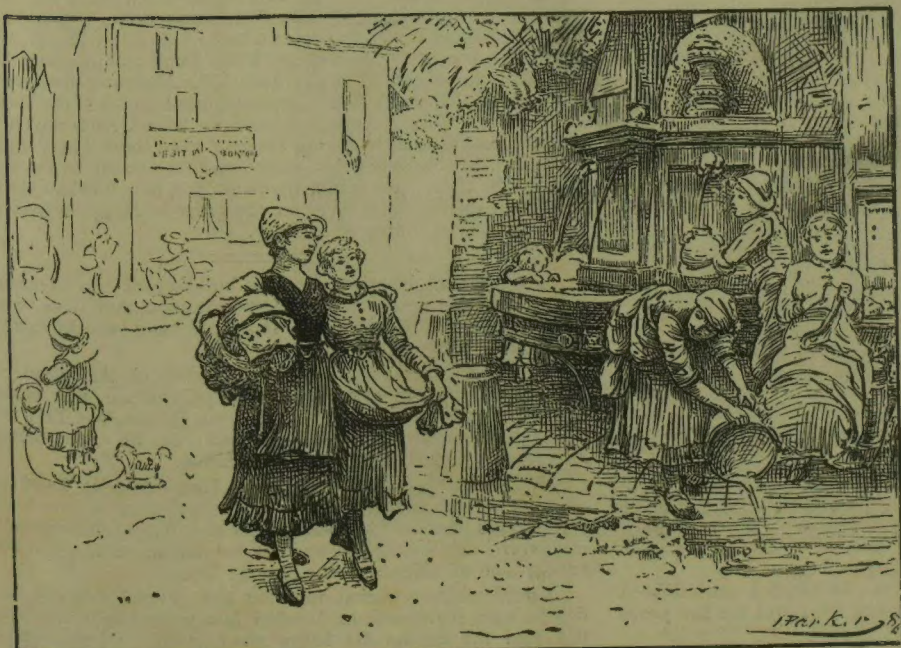
DAUSENAU ON THE LAHN.—T. M. RICHARDSON.



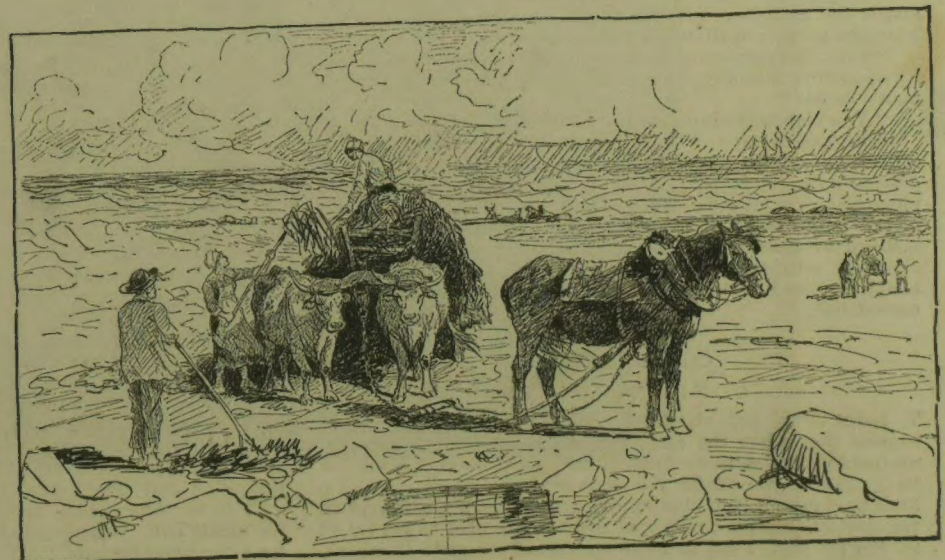
SAND PITS, HAMBLETON.—BIRKET FOSTER.



THE PEN.—H. S. MARKS.



BADINAGE: LANDERNAU, BRITTANY.—J. PARKER.



CARTING SEAWEED ON THE BRITTANY COAST.—R. BEAVIS.



hear people talk of the Mysteries of London Life, as regards the existence of a considerable portion of its inhabitants; and how on earth its poor women keep body and soul together is indeed difficult to understand; but how small shopkeepers continue to live and thrive in the country is, to my mind, much more amazing. The only explanation of the phenomenon is that they have all a few thousands in the Three per Cents, and that their affectation of carrying on business is merely a philanthropic pretence; so that the youthful beholder of their unparalleled prosperity may set it down to the magic of Perseverance.

Mr. Snugg's carpenter and builder's business opened early, but his auction and estate agency was not in working order till ten a.m. To the former he attended in his shirt sleeves, and edified the gossips by his Radical views; but when concerning himself with the latter, he was no longer Snugg the joiner, but an individual of great respectability, with a stake in the country, and opinions appropriate to that elevated position.

When Miss Dart issued from the "Falcon" that morning, Mr. Snugg was in his chrysalis state, and rather less "within his gates" than without them; his three-quarter length was stretched over the half-door, where the disappearance of Mrs. Richter round the corner had left it.

The spectacle of a stranger in Casterton was calculated to arouse excitement in the mind of any native; and Mr. Snugg, in addition to his multifarious callings, was the most inveterate of gossips. But for this preoccupation of his mind, the presence of Miss Dart at his elbow would certainly not have escaped him.

"A fine morning, Mr. Snugg."

"Why, Miss Dart, I do declare! Glad to see you back at Casterton."

"Thank you, Mr. Snugg. Yes; I have come down with my aunt from London for a few days."

"The strange lady just gone to the jetty, I suppose; I was wondering who she was. Strangers here are a godsend—though old friends are much more so, I'm sure" here he bowed politely; "nothing new here, but New-Year's Day, from one year's end to another."

"You are contemplating something new, at all events—if, as I hear, old Battle Hill is to be sold."

"The Loom? True; but who'll buy it?" replied Mr. Snugg, despondently. "It's only a bit of unproductive land, with a few fir-trees on it, you see—like a poor peer with his coronet. It's cheap enough, 'tis true; but then, if nobody wants it"—

"I think I know of someone who would like to have it, if it is really, as you say, to be sold cheap."

"You do?" He snatched off the carpenter's cap which he wore at work, and threw back the half-door. "If you will be kind enough to step into the office, Miss Dart, I will be with you in a minute, and furnish you with all particulars."

It was really not much more than a minute before he reappeared, no longer as Snugg the joiner, but in his auctioneer-and-estate-agent apparel.

"The Hill has already been put up for sale, I believe," observed Miss Dart.

"Well, yes; the reserved price of £500 was not realised. As I explained to his Lordship, sufficiently long notice had not been given, nor was the matter advertised as it should be. We shall be more fortunate next time, no doubt."

"But in the meanwhile, as I read in the newspaper, £500 is the price."

"That is so—to a certain extent: to builders who wanted a site, in consideration of the advantages that would arrive to the estate, there might be"—

"My friend is not a builder."

"As I concluded. A man of taste, fond of the picturesque, perhaps, and of antiquities? To such a person the situation for a villa residence would be unrivalled. The Hill has been in the Destry family for centuries. That of itself is a recommendation; and the present Lord, when a boy, has often picnicked upon it, he told me, with the present members of the family: quite an aristocratic nook. The western slope affords good opportunities for a mansion in the Gothic style."

"My friend would not desire a mansion; his object in possessing the Hill would be to erect upon it a small cottage; but I am afraid the purchase-money, combined with the cost of such a dwelling, would be above his means."

"A very pretty cottage could be built under the lee of that hill; quite sheltered, and with a splendid view, for, let us say, £400."

"Would you undertake to build it yourself, Mr. Snugg, for that money?"

"Well, well; I was speaking in general terms—though the materials, to be sure, are close at hand. It was not as if you were asking me for an estimate, Miss Dart?"

"Not exactly, yet the person I have in my mind would, I think, prefer the matter to be in local hands, and you will certainly have my good word, Mr. Snugg. On the other hand, £900 is, I fear, more than he is in a position to give."

"Just so; that is, of course, a difficulty," said Mr. Snugg, smoothing his chin as though he were removing the obstacle in question. "I think, however, I may fairly say to his Lordship, 'Here is an offer of £450, or even £400, for the Hill; not, indeed, from a professional builder, but from a gentleman of taste, who has given me his word to employ an architect who may be trusted to beautify rather than disfigure the locality. Yes; I think I should be doing his Lordship a service, Miss Dart, in persuading him, under the circumstances you have mentioned, to take £400 for Battle Hill.'"

"Very good; I have the purchase money in my possession, and if the matter can be concluded in a day or two, before I leave the town, I shall be obliged to you."

"I will have a memorandum that will be binding prepared by to-morrow morning, if you will kindly give me the gentleman's name."

"You may make it out in my name, Mr. Snugg."

"In your name? Well now, really, Miss Dart, this is a satisfactory circumstance," said the agent, rubbing his hands deferentially. "It is seldom, indeed, that business and pleasure are so mixed. With a lady already so well known in Casterton, and, if I may venture to add, so favourably inclined towards myself, there can be no sort of difficulty about the estimate about the cottage; and, as to the purchase money for the Hill, you may take it for certain that it will not exceed £400."

## CHAPTER XLII.

### CONGRATULATED.

To judge by the talk about the "hunger for land," one would suppose that when the earth beneath us is our own property, we tread it with a more assured and vigorous step, while, at the same time, we stroke the stars with our hand. I had a little land myself once, but experienced no such sensations on the spot in question; and was exceedingly glad to get rid of it. For my part, I can no more conceive of the earth as mine—in the same sense, at least, that the five shillings in my pocket are my own—than of the sea or the sky belonging to me. Similarly, it was with no sense of proprietorship that Miss Dart

drew near Battle Hill, though to all intents and purposes she had bought it. That she had secured a house, or rather a spot whereon to build a house, for Aunt Jane and herself in a locality that both delighted in, was, however, a conviction sufficiently pleasurable without any territorial pride; and that that spot was Battle Hill was also a subject of especial congratulation on her friends' account. With what delight would Mrs. Meyrick and Mary and Matthew receive the news that, sooner or later, she would become their neighbour: and with what rapture would Roger Leyden welcome it! She found him looking out for her from the hilltop.

"You are better than your word," he cried, holding out his hand.

"I got my business over more quickly than I expected," she replied.

"And it was done well, as well as quickly, I'll be bound. You look as if your ideas were still in full flow."

"I think it was done rather well," she answered. She was secretly very proud of the bargain she had effected with Mr. Snugg: not only as a personal achievement, but on broader and higher grounds. It was always said of literary persons that they were unfit for practical affairs, and she flattered herself that she had taken that reproach away from their profession by her manipulation of Mr. Snugg that morning.

"This is like old times," said the antiquary. "I hardly hoped ever to stand with you on Battle Hill again, with the same feelings."

"Yet I am not very prone to change," remarked Miss Dart, quietly.

"That is true. You will be always natural; you will estimate things at their just value; no tumult of acclaim will ever turn your head. I was speaking of the place itself, which will sooner or later undergo terrible alterations."

"You mean if it is sold?"

"It is sure to be sold."

"Yet the reserve price, I understand, was not bidden for when it was put up for auction."

"The reserved price? That is Snugg's story. It is quite true that no one bid £500 for the hill, nor £50. The fact is, nobody wanted it."

"But would it have been sold for less than £500?"

"Well, of course it would. To my certain knowledge, it was offered to Bolt, the grazier, for £350."

"Goodness gracious!" said Miss Dart.

"Fact, I assure you. I had almost a mind to sell all I had in the world and buy it myself, though I know it would be my ruin. If Battle Hill were mine, I must dig for the treasure. The temptation is still tremendous. I dream about it; I lie awake and think about it. It might cost ten thousand pounds to find it, you say; but it might also cost only a five-pound note; and if I bought the hill I should have about five pounds to spare. Every time I pass Snugg's shop I feel inclined to go in and buy it, lest somebody else should, like the dog in the manger."

"But why is it not bought?"

"Because, except for building purposes, it is absolutely useless; and, at present, the builders don't see their way. Of course, they will see it some day; in the meantime, it is possible that some sacrilegious wretch will take a fancy to it, and purchase it for his own pleasure. That would be better, of course, than to see it fall into the hands of the Philistines of the line and plummet; but, still, it would be terrible. He would put up a notice, 'This is Private,' and gates at the foot of the hill, which would be open to the public on Saturday afternoons only."

"Such a creature would build a house upon it, I suppose?" observed Miss Dart.

"Of course he would: the most hideous house conceivable."

"And where would he put it; or rather, where would you put it, if you were he?"

"The two suppositions are quite distinct," observed the antiquary, quietly. "He would put it where his architect advised him—facing the south and west, so as to suck in the fogs from the marsh and shut out the town; I should put it in yonder coomb, where I could see the old castle and the jetty, and at night the harbour light."

"And the Pavilion and the Look-out," murmured Miss Dart.

"Of course. But what would the monster we have in our minds care about such things?"

"Dear Mr. Leyden, I am that monster; I have bought Battle Hill. I mean to build not a house, but a little cottage in that coomb, where I propose to spend my life."

"You! You have bought it?" cried the antiquary, solemnly. "It is the finger of Fate!" His eyes wandered over the hill, and then came back to her confident face, with a strange look of care in them.

"And have you not a word of congratulation to give me? Are you not pleased that I am about to be your neighbour, as I hope to be?"

"Yes; yes, indeed. I am more glad than words can say; it will bring happiness, too, to other hearts than mine. 'For life,' you say; yes, and to your children after you. Some day or other my prophecy will come to pass, and you or yours will find what Uria buried here."

"Well, since it was you who first put it into my mind to buy the hill, I promise you this, Mr. Leyden—that if I do find the treasure you shall have half of it."

"You are joking! You cannot be serious! Do you really mean that you will make it over to me or my representatives?"

"Certainly; I never was more serious in my life," she answered, gravely. "Unfortunately, I am not so generous as I wish to be thought, because I am incredulous as to the existence of the thing in question. But you shall have a written undertaking—you shall draw it up yourself, and I will sign it—to satisfy you upon the point. On the other hand, I must say at once that I shall not spend sixpence in digging to look for it."

"That's not to be expected," assented the antiquary; "nor, indeed, would I have you risk anything in such a search. I am not so grasping as I seem, indeed."

"You don't even seem grasping, Mr. Leyden," said Miss Dart, smiling.

"I must, at all events, appear very selfish in having shown no curiosity to know how you have acquired your proud position of landed proprietor. For the moment, the sense of your golden expectations put out of my head the humbler means by which you came into them."

"Pray do not say expectations, Mr. Leyden, for I have none."

"Well, then, possibilities. You know that it is personal interest, and no impertinence that prompts the inquiry; yet where on earth did you get the money from? The pen now—always coins gold, I hear, but the *Milennium* does not pay at that rate; and 'The Usher' is only just begun."

"It is 'The Usher,' nevertheless, to which I am indebted for Battle Hill. I have sold the use of the novel for five years for a thousand pounds."

"Heavens and Earth! I was an 'Usher' myself once, and never made a tenth of the money."

"Nevertheless, it's not a fortune; and I can well imagine

that many people will think me very foolish for spending so much of my little all in such a purchase. But dear Aunt Jane and I have had such a bad time of it, and she for so much longer than I, that we two years for peace and quiet; also, thanks to you, I have learnt to love Battle Hill very dearly. Moreover, when the cottage is built, we shall live here as cheaply as anywhere. You may say, indeed, it is difficult to live even cheaply, if one has nothing to live upon; but as to the future, I am content to take my chance. At present I am young and in health, and what I have done in the writing way I feel confident I can do again, and perhaps again, and even better."

"That is a noble confidence," exclaimed the antiquary, admiringly, "and, I will be sworn, well founded. But, though I say it to my own disadvantage, you must not bury yourself alive at Casterton. For a poet, it is well enough: he communes with the stars; but you must mix with that world it is your mission (or I am greatly mistaken) to describe."

"I feel that," answered his companion, simply. "It is my purpose, if all goes well, to live here all the summer long; to come whenever I need rest and quiet, and to make this glorious spot my home. But in the winter I shall live in London. That is what you would have suggested, is it not? Why do you look so grave?"

"Did I look grave? I meant to look glad. Such good fortune following on good desert is rare, indeed. It seems to redress the balance—restore the average of happiness." His eyes were fixed upon the Look-out.

"You were thinking of those to whom the cup of life has been dealt in another measure," said Miss Dart. "I, too, believe me, have not forgotten them."

"I am sure you have not. There are some hearts—a very few—that melt beneath the sun of prosperity; that seem to grow more tender to the woes of others the further they themselves are removed from woe. Let us go down and gladden our dear friends yonder with the news of your good fortune."

"I must not tell them till I have bought the Hill; that will not be till to-morrow. There may be a slip between the cup and the lip. Aunt Jane was saying yesterday that Casterton seemed too beautiful to be real; that she was afraid it would melt before her eyes, and that is what I feel with respect to this darling scheme of mine."

(To be continued.)

## BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

Among the principal meetings for benevolent purposes recently held are the following:—The festival of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy was celebrated on the 12th inst. by the usual choral service in St. Paul's Cathedral; and the annual dinner was held in the evening in Merchant Taylors' Hall, the Lord Mayor presiding. The Archbishop of Canterbury and other prelates were present, and subscriptions and donations amounting to £5380 were announced by the secretary. Subscriptions to the amount of £8250 were given at the annual dinner of the Railway Benevolent Institution, at the Freemasons' Tavern, held the same day; and of £2117 at that of the Metropolitan Free Hospital, the funds of which will be further benefited by a legacy to the amount of £1666.—At the anniversary festival of the British Orphan Asylum, Slough, on the 13th inst., the secretary announced subscriptions amounting to over £4000, the largest sum he had ever received, including 100 guineas from Lord Hillingdon (the chairman) and £500 from Mr. F. Charsley.—Lord Escher presided at the anniversary dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, held at the Freemasons' Tavern last Saturday, when the subscriptions amounted to upwards of £2500.—On Monday the Duke of Abercorn presided at the second annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, held at the Mansion House. It was stated that during the year the society dealt with 147 cases, involving the wretchedness of 327 little victims. Lord Idlesleigh, Mr. Kegan Paul, Mr. S. Smith, M.P., and Cardinal Manning addressed the meeting.—At Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, the same day, the Duchess of Marlborough opened a bazaar in aid of the Seaside Convalescent Home for Working Men known as Morley House. Its purpose was to help the committee to pay off a debt of £2000, which had been incurred in establishing the home. A bazaar was also opened at the Grosvenor Hall, Ebury-square, for the St. Martin's (or Postmen's) League, closing on Wednesday evening. The stalls were presided over by the Dowager Marchioness Conyngham and the Ladies Conyngham, Countess Grosvenor, Lady Constance Shaw Lefevre, Mrs. Tomkinson, Mrs. Fletcher, Miss Stewart; and, at the largest stall in the room, the Rev. Arthur Stanton, with a staff of postmen, did a very large trade. The Sultan of Johore, with Lord and Lady Henry Gordon-Lennox, visited the bazaar early in the afternoon, and purchased largely.—A concert in aid of the funds of the West London Hospital was held on Thursday, at the Kensington Assembly Rooms. It was organised by the Misses Erskine.—On Tuesday the 128th anniversary festival of the Orphan Working School at Haverstock-hill was held at Willis's Rooms. Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, M.P., took the chair, and was supported by about 200 ladies and gentlemen. The subscriptions amounted to £2231.—A very attractive bazaar and fancy fair was opened in the afternoon by Lady Borthwick in Kensington Townhall, on behalf of the Church work at St. George's, Campden-hill.—The Lord Mayor, accompanied by Mr. Sheriff Evans, Mr. S. Montague, M.P., Sir J. Bennett, and others, opened the Public Swimming-Baths which have been erected at Whitechapel at a cost of £7000.—The friends and supporters of the Newspaper Press Fund will dine together at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday, June 5, Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P., in the chair.—The sixty-second annual report of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution has been issued, from which it appears that although during the past year there was a slight falling off in the receipts in some directions, owing to the badness of the times, the committee were yet, as a whole, able to hold their own and to carry on the great work committed to them with even increased activity.

In our recent description of the building of the Liverpool Exhibition, the contractors, Messrs. Simpson and Wood, were mentioned as of Darlington: it should have been Darlaston, Staffordshire.

The Portrait of the Mayor of Liverpool, Alderman Sir David Radcliffe, in our last week's publication, was copied from a photograph by Messrs. Brown, Barnes, and Bell, art-photographers and portrait-painters, of 31, Bold-street, Liverpool, and 222, Regent-street, London.

Nearly 10,000 Volunteers in the Home district command were under arms last Saturday—the principal events being the brigade parades at Bushey Park and Wimbledon-common, ordered by the War Office, and carried out under the personal supervision of officers of the regular forces.

The Registrar-General reported that 2424 births and 1414 deaths were registered in London last week, the births being 374 and the deaths 224 below the average. Of the deaths, 48 were attributed to measles, 19 to diphtheria, 76 to whooping-cough, 15 to diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one to small-pox or typhus.



## NOVELS.

A very powerful, picturesque, and pathetic prologue (if so much unintentional alliteration be allowed) is employed for the introduction of the story entitled *In a Silver Sea*: by B. L. Farjeon (Ward and Downey); and the story proper is not altogether unworthy of the exceptionally effective prologue. There are some very fine characters, some excellent scenes, some brilliant dialogue, some very dramatic situations, some interesting sketches of uncommon people and uncommon life, and some very good specimens of pictorial writing. Perhaps an objection may be taken to the form of composition; there is a little too much of diaries and note-books, and scarcely enough of continuous narrative and gradual development. The plot is conceived and worked out with considerable skill, but, for the reasons given, it is rather worked out than worked up, brought to an end rather than to a climax. The beauty of the tale is in the episodes and details chiefly, as in a work of art which we admire for its setting and its cunning craftsmanship rather than for the stone in the centre of it; indeed, the main purport of the story is both common and disagreeable. How one Mauvain, a licentious gallant of the Buckingham, Rochester, and Killigrew type, betrays a strolling actress, assumes the name and personality of a friend for the purpose, and, consequently, causes that blameless friend to be mistaken for the infamous seducer of the poor girl he really loved and would have married honourably; and how, in the long run, the villain is unmasked and brought to book, the misunderstanding is cleared up, and the friend's undesired reproach is taken away—this is the gist of the whole business.

Humour, and pathos, and rusticity combined fully justify the words which tell us to regard *Aunt Rachel*: by D. Christie Murray (Macmillan and Co.) as "a rustic, sentimental comedy." Just such an idyl might a modern Theocritus, choosing prose instead of verse, describing the rural life of an English county instead of a Sicilian district, be expected to place before the public. And the public would undoubtedly appreciate it highly, and applaud it freely. No doubt the humorous speakers are more than a little long-winded, and no doubt the tale is of somewhat slight texture; but there are some very pretty descriptions, some extremely happy touches, and the narrative altogether is both entertaining and affecting. It is certainly asking us to "make believe a great deal," if we are not to question the credibility of the love affair in which Aunt Rachel and Ezra Gold were the parties principally concerned; if we are to admit that any woman in the world, whatever her eccentricities might be, would not have found out by hook or crook whether her very singular way of accepting a proposal had or had not led her into an unpleasant predicament; whether that little note pinned into the music-book had or had not been discovered and read—and would not have drawn the proper conclusion from Ezra Gold's persistent celibacy, as to which she would, of course, have kept herself regularly informed. Nobody, however, would object to make believe even a great deal more, on condition of having the concession turned to such excellent purpose.

Plenty of fancy and of literary ability, an eye for startling effects and melodramatic situations, no little originality of style and method, an evident intention of promoting whatever is humane and noble, are the distinguishing characteristics of *His Child Friend*: by the author of "The Cheveley Novels" (Vizetelly and Co.), to which is added, in the same volume, a story called *An Odd Firm*—a bitterly satirical, but at the same time a pathetic account of a real or imaginary occurrence in the joint lives of the late Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) and Mrs. Jordan. In both tales there is the same bias towards painful and ghastly realities, tempered by the most gentle and kindly doctrine, and the same uncompromising manner of dealing with facts and talking of "spades." The titular story, for instance, introduces the reader at the thirteenth page to "a pale, beautiful woman" completing her "attire for the nightly promenade upon the notorious tract of infamy known as the Haymarket, London," and preparing to go out on the streets to "woo strange men for gold"; and then to this poor woman's little girl, who is much exercised by her playmates' questions about what her mother does for a living. All this may be necessary for a certain excellent purpose, and it is all treated of in a fashion as unobjectionable as possible, more unobjectionable than that in which similar subjects are constantly treated of by our reverend pastors and masters in the pulpit, or by conscientious editors of moral newspapers, but, if it be not absolutely necessary, one would gladly dispense with it, though it may only serve for the opening scene of a very pretty and even ennobling narrative.

Danton himself, the unveiled prophet of audacity, would have been satisfied with the bold and daring spirit displayed in *A Lone Lassie*: by J. Jemmett-Browne (Sampson Low and Co.), a novel by no means deficient in general cleverness and pretty writing, but more remarkable for the tremendous nature of the incidents. Bigamy and divorce, like the poor, we have always with us, and they were, therefore, to be expected in a story which belongs to the sensational order; but ghosts may be regarded as an extra to which we cannot consider ourselves so clearly entitled now that the supernatural has fallen into a certain disrepute and consequent desuetude. There is decided originality, moreover, in causing the ghost or ghosts (for a mother and her child both "walked," if the expression be permissible when the latter was "carried" by the former) to be laid by a little girl of tender years, who exhibits, in spite of the snow that chills her bare feet and the atmospheric influences that would have kept an older person between the blankets, an intelligence, an astuteness, a determination, a presence of mind, and a sympathy, which would have been wonderful and creditable in the case of a full-grown person. But then it is a very marvellous little girl, who, at seven years of age, ratiocinates like a philosopher, and, having conceived an earnest longing to behold the wonders of the hitherto unvisited sea, sets off alone for a tramp to the shore, and meets with an adventure (very well and powerfully described, by-the-way), which might have frightened an experienced adult into convulsions. Perhaps as strong a demand as any that is made in the book upon a reader's conception of probabilities is a poaching affair in the New Forest, when a schoolboy of sixteen or so and the aforesaid "lassie" of fourteen years "trap a splendid stag," and the young gentleman performs the exceedingly difficult and dangerous task of dispatching him of the antlers (whose leg is broken) with—the young lady's "mother-of-pearl handled" penknife. Good. Another instance of the writer's intrepidity is to be found in the episode relating to the Duke of Maladetta, who (about the year 1860, as nearly as one can guess, and not in the Dark Ages) guilts and carries out an abduction worthy of Brian De Bois-Guilbert, is tricked into a marriage with the wrong woman by a device which seems to have been suggested by a well-known play, and dies by what is popularly known as a "judgment"; for we read that "the words of blasphemy" (in which he gave vent to his over-wrought feelings) "had scarcely passed his lips, when he uttered a piercing shriek, and fell with a dull crash upon the pavement. There was no occasion

now for man to arrest the Duke of Maladetta. The Almighty had called him to his account." Nor is the cardinal incident, on which the whole story turns, devoid of startling phases and ingenious complications, which it would be scarcely fair to either reader or writer to set forth here. It may be permissible, however, to ask whether a lady who, having been secretly married, and having lost her husband by report only (as so frequently happens in novels, and even in real life), marries again without explaining her position; is discovered paying visits to a man under very suspicious circumstances, "in a very disreputable locality"; and chooses to leave her reputed husband and child rather than make a clean breast of it, or is even driven by that not unreasonably offended man to do so, can be accepted as an injured martyr for the sake of her "beaux yeux," her magnificent hair, her magical voice, and her musical accomplishments? However, enough has been said to show that the story (which is autobiographical in form) abounds with excitement and with interest of a certain kind. That it is clever and well written on the whole has already been duly stated.

## BIRTHS.

On the 12th inst., at 40, Park-lane, the Duchess of Montrose, of a son.  
On the 30th ult., at Ottawa, Canada, Lady Florence Streatfield, of a son.

## DEATHS.

On the 11th inst., at Bounds Park, Tunbridge Wells, William Ireland Blackburne-Maze, aged 61.  
On the 12th inst., at 22, Stanley-gardens, Kensington Park, London, the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Bayley, Minister of Palace-gardens Church, Kensington, aged 76. Friends will please accept this (the only) intimation.

\* \* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

**EPSOM RACES.**—MAY 25, 26, 27, and 28.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. THE ONLY ROUTE to the Epsom Downs Station (on the Racecourse) is from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison-road), and Clapham Junction.

**EPSOM DOWNS STATION.**—This spacious and convenient Station, within a few minutes' walk of the Grand Stand, has been specially prepared for the Epsom Race Traffic, and additional First-Class Ladies Waiting-Rooms, elegantly furnished, will be provided.

**FREQUENT DIRECT SPECIAL EXPRESS AND CHEAP TRAINS** between the above Stations on all Four Days of the Races, also extra First-Class Special Express Trains on the "Derby" and " Oaks " days.

**EPSOM TOWN STATION.**—Express and Cheap Trains to Epsom Town Stations (L. B. and S. C. Ry.) will also run as required from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington, and Clapham Junction. The Express and Cheap Tickets issued to Epsom Downs will be available to return from Epsom Town Station.

**THROUGH BOOKINGS.**—Arrangements have been made with the London and North-Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways, to issue Through Tickets from all their principal Stations to the Epsom Downs Station on the Racecourse.

The Trains of the above Railway Companies all run either to the Victoria or Kensington Stations in connection with the above Special Trains to the Epsom Downs Station.

**FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS,** see small bills, to be had at London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington Stations, and at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; also at their City Offices; Hays Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's, Ludgate-circus, where Tickets may also be obtained.

The West-End Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, May 24, 25, and 27.

(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

**JEPHTHAH'S VOW,** by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr." NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anne Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.**—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 33, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. 1s.

**ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.**—THE HUNDRED AND FIFTH EXHIBITION is now Open, 5, Pall-mall East, from Ten till Six. Admission 1s. Illustrated Catalogue 1s. ALFRED D. FRIPP, R.W.S., Secretary.

**MR. GANZ'S MATINÉE MUSICALE,** at his Residence, 126, Harley-street, W., on WEDNESDAY NEXT, MAY 26, at Three. Artists: Madame Alwina Valleria, Madame De Fonblanque, Miss Georgina Ganz, and Madame Estey; Mr. Winch, Mr. De Lara, and Mr. Campbell. Signor Passini, Mons. Libotton, Messrs. Kube, Ford, and Wilhelm Ganz. Stalls, One Guinea; Tickets, 10s. 6d., may be had of Mr. Ganz.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—CLITO, an original Tragedy by Sydney Grundy and Wilson Barrett, EVERY EVENING at Eight. Scenery by W. Telbin, Stafford Hall, and Walter Hann. Music by Mr. Edward Jones. Costumes by Madame Auruste and V. Barthe. Archaeology of the Tragedy by E. W. Godwin, F.S.A. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Clynch, Hudson, A. Melford, Pulley Bonaire, Elliott, Barrington, De Solla, Carson, &c.; Misses Cope, Wilson, Garth, Belmore, and Miss Eastlake. Box-office 9.30 till Five. No fees. Carriages at 10.45. Business Manager, Mr. John Cobbe.

**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY LIVING.—FAUST, EVERY EVENING at Eight. Mephistopheles, Mr. Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry; Martha, Mrs. Stirling. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open from Ten to Five.—LYCEUM.

**HAYMARKET.**—Lessees and Managers, Messrs. E. RUSSELL and G. F. BASHFORD.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock, JIM, THE PENMAN, by Sir Charles L. Young, Bart. Messrs. Arthur Dacre Barrymore, H. Beerbohm Tree, Brookfield, Maurice, Rodney, Ben Greet, Forbes Dawson, Winter, West; Miss Helen Layton, Mrs. Brooke, Miss Lindley, and Lady Monckton. Seats can be booked in advance daily, from Ten till Five. No fees. MORNING PERFORMANCE OF JIM, THE PENMAN, SATURDAY, at Two. THE LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE.

**INDIAN AND COLONIAL EXHIBITION, 1886.** ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. THE MOST BRILLIANT AND ENTERTAINING FOR VISITORS TO LONDON during the Exhibition. The world-famed **MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.** The oldest established and the most popular performance in existence. EVERY NIGHT at Eight. DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at Three. Omnibuses run direct from the Exhibition to the doors of the St. James's Hall. Fare 2d. and 3d. NO FEES OF ANY DESCRIPTION. Ladies can retain their bonnets in all parts. Prices of Admission—1s., 2s., 3s., 5s.

**MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO,** in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional Entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter Season 1885-6, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for the renewal of the Theatrical and Opera Comique Entertainments in the ensuing Winter 1886-7, which will be sustained by artists of renowned celebrity.

The daily Afternoon and Evening Concerts will continue as usual during the Summer Season. SEA BATHING AT MONACO, on a beautiful sandy beach, continues throughout the year.

**MONTE CARLO** is provided with the following excellent Hotels:—The Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hôtel, the Victoria Hôtel, Hôtel des Angles, Hôtel Beau Rivage, Hôtel des Princes, de Londres, et de Russie; and Furnished Villas, together with good Apartments, are numerous.

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**BISHOP OF LONDON'S FUND.**—A PUBLIC MEETING OF SUBSCRIBERS and of Friends interested in promoting the objects of the Fund will be held at WILLIS'S ROOMS on THURSDAY NEXT, MAY 27, 1886. Ladies are invited to attend.

The BISHOP OF LONDON will take the Chair at 3 p.m. The Duke of Westminster, K.G., Earl Fortescue, Viscount Cranbrook, the Ven. the Archbishop of Middlesex, the Rev. Dr. Forrest, the Rev. J. F. Kirt, and other distinguished gentlemen and ladies are expected to address the Meeting. Office of the Fund, 46a, Pall-mall, S.W.

## THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, arrived at Windsor Castle on Thursday week from Liverpool. Prince Henry of Battenberg left the Castle for Germany yesterday week. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Princess Margaret, Prince Arthur, and Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught, and the Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess of Oldenburg arrived at the castle last Saturday. Lady Victoria Fowell Buxton was received by the Queen, Miss Fowell Buxton having the honour of being presented to her Majesty. Her Majesty and the Royal family attended Divine service at the private chapel on Sunday morning; the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. Teignmouth Shore, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to her Majesty, officiating. The Queen has contributed 100 guineas to the British Orphan Asylum, Slough, and £25 to the Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage.

The two state balls are fixed for June 2 and July 9, and the state concerts for June 23 and 30.

The following Ministers will give banquets on Saturday, the 29th inst., in celebration of her Majesty's birthday:—Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, Earl Granville, the Marquis of Ripon, and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday last attended the first meet of the Coaching Club, and occupied a seat on Lord Charles Beresford's coach. Twenty-three coaches took part in the customary "procession," the Princess of Wales and her daughters being among the spectators. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present on Monday at the first performance of Mr. J. Todhunter's play "Helena in Troas," which was given at the Greek Theatre, in Argyl-street, in aid of the funds of the British School of Archaeology at Athens. The Prince honoured Mr. Leonard C. Wyon with a concluding sitting for his portrait on the medal which is being executed for the Royal Commission of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. The Queen has requested the Prince to perform the ceremony of driving the first pile of the new Tower Bridge. His Royal Highness has fixed Monday, June 21, for the ceremony. The Prince and Princess of Wales have signified their intention of visiting East London on June 28, to lay the first stone of the proposed People's Palace at Mile-end.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, who is president of the Recreative Evening Schools Association, attended, on Monday, a concert in aid of its funds, held at Exeter Hall.

Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, accompanied by Princess Victoria, on Tuesday opened the "George Holland Dovecot," one of a series of convalescent homes for the East-End poor erected and endowed by Lady Louisa Ashburton, on her estate at Addiscombe, Croydon.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

All other Parliamentary topics pale their ineffectual fires before the Irish Home Rule Bill. Still, with regard to the protracted debate, which drags its slow length along in the House of Commons, public opinion accords pretty well with the statement of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach on Tuesday—namely, that the discussion might well be closed on the Friday of the present week. But the Leader of the Opposition proposes and Mr. Gladstone disposes. No one can know better than the Prime Minister how many members are desirous of speaking on any measure. The Premier said on Tuesday, not without a spice of dry humour, that "the dissentient portion of the Liberal Party" were naturally desirous to explain their views "both to the House and likewise to their constituents." Besides, many Nationalists wished to speak. Accordingly, Mr. Gladstone thought the debate could not "do otherwise than extend over a considerable number of days beyond the present week."

The Ministerial proposals for the pacification of Ireland are being exhaustively criticised and pulled to pieces in and out of Parliament. Last week Mr. Chamberlain and the Marquis of Hartington steeled their nerves to resistance by holding council with formidable sections of the Liberal party at their residences; and the right hon. member for West Birmingham was supposed to have emphasised his dissatisfaction with the Prime Minister's measures by personally entering the "cave" at Devonshire House. Lord Hartington was determined not an atom of doubt should exist as to his inflexible hostility to Home Rule. Not only does the noble Marquis stand firm by his motion for the rejection of the Government bill, but on Tuesday his Lordship repeated, for the benefit of a large meeting in Bradford, his reasons for objecting to the measure root and branch. In fine, on this one great question of Ireland Lord Hartington is plainly in accord with the sentiments—the present sentiments—of the Marquis of Salisbury, who, conveniently forgetting he dropped the "Coercion" Act, last summer, to retain office, magniloquently and roundly declared, at St. James's Hall last Saturday night, that the panacea for Irish discontent was the expatriation of a million Irishmen, and twenty years of strong government (i.e., "coercion") before any form of local self-rule should be granted. If Lord Hartington, however, could bring himself to agree to this rule-of-thumb method of autocratic government (rather at variance with that suggested by Lord Salisbury's Newport manifesto on the eve of the General Election), he could scarcely count upon finding in the same boat his staunch associate Sir Henry James, whose speech on Thursday week against the bill was one of the strongest and most formidable made during the prolonged debate.

Sir Richard Cross, in resuming the discussion on Monday, did not by any means re-echo the sweeping platform declarations of the Marquis of Salisbury, but was firm in his opposition to the Irish Government Bill. Of the speeches subsequently made, that of Mr. Stansfeld, in reply to Sir Richard Cross, was admitted to be one of the best, most earnest, and most eloquent he has delivered for many years. It well merited the praise awarded to Mr. Stansfeld by Mr. Gladstone, who re-entered the House later in the evening to experience similar satisfaction in listening to the learned and able historical justification of the measure by Professor Thorold Rogers. Without dwelling on the subsequent addresses of equal ability by Mr. Bryce, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Mr. Chaplin (against the bill), and Dr. Lyon Playfair, one must give a word to the practical suggestion of Mr. Henry Labouchere. With mingled wit and humour, keenly relished on the Radical benches, Mr. Labouchere twitted each prominent antagonist of the Premier—his good-humoured exposure of Mr. Chamberlain's besetting weakness being particularly good and palatable—but concluded with the sensible suggestion that the principle of the measure should be approved by the carrying of the second reading, the measure being then dropped for the reconsideration of the details. It is to be hoped that at the eleventh hour this suggestion will be acted upon.



THE QUEEN AT LIVERPOOL.



HER MAJESTY APPROACHING ST. GEORGE'S HALL TO RECEIVE THE ADDRESS OF THE CORPORATION.



## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, May 18.

Paris seems to be entirely given up to festivities; the hotels are full of visitors; there are fêtes in high society, rejoicings in lower social spheres, and democratic and public fêtes open to all. The gardens of the Tuilleries and of the Palais Royal have been transformed into permanent fairs, where all kinds of games and amusements are offered, such as music, greasy May-poles, giantesses, pantomimes, circus, tumblers, rope-walkers, and open-air cafés and restaurants, reproducing the famous cabarets of the past, Rampouncau and the Chateau des Porcherons. Nowadays, Raphael and Gaminus go hand-in-hand, and beer cannot be pleasantly drunk except in artistic surroundings; and so, at these fairs, the beer-shops have been devised by skilful scene-painters, and the waiters and waitresses are costumed as valets and soubrettes of the reign of Louis XV. These fêtes, organised by the "Société des Fêtes de l'Industrie et du Commerce Parisiens," will last until the end of the month, only to be followed by other festivities, which will be brilliantly concluded by the great national fête of July 14. The French capital has been deliberately transformed into a playground, and all Europe is expected to arrive in excursion-trains to see the fun.

There was a grand fête on Saturday at the Hôtel Galliera, on the occasion of the departure of Princess Amélie d'Orléans, who left for Lisbon yesterday. The Comte and Comtesse de Paris received, and some four thousand persons came to congratulate them on the marriage of their daughter with the heir to the throne of Portugal. There were beautiful toilets, hundreds of aristocrats, an exhibition of innumerable presents, and the next day much comment in the gazettes. General de Gallifet, Grand Master of the Cavalry under Gambetta, has been deprived of certain functions because he is suspected of Orleanism. M. Jules Simon, who was present at the reception on Saturday, is accused by the Opportunists of sympathies with the throne. The Republicans generally seem irritated by the attention which this Royal marriage has attracted, and we may expect, as soon as the Chambers meet, to hear of the revival of the question of the expulsion of the Princes.

The exclusive pursuit of pleasure seems to put a stop to the happening of important events, for of late absolutely nothing peculiar has taken place in Paris. Last week we all went to see the flower show, which was rich in peonies, roses, and orchids. The great attraction of the show for the specialists was a perfect green rose, which is, I presume, as great a triumph of art as a black tulip. But this flower show was a fête rather than an event—a feast for the eyes. There was a fête, too, at the Institute yesterday, when the venerable M. Chevreul, who will complete his hundredth year on Aug. 31, was presented by his colleagues of the Academy of Sciences with a statuette in bronze by M. Paul Dubois, "Etude et Méditation."

Yet another fête was the banquet of the Students' Association, at which M. Ernest Renan presided last Saturday. M. Renan is always interesting and fascinating in his genial after-dinner allocutions, full of simple philosophy, refined paganism, and personal traits. "Work," said M. Renan to the students, "work, and amuse yourselves too. Do not put limits to your curiosity; try to know everything, and the limits will come of themselves. Rest from one labour in taking up another. An old rabbi who was reproached with making the vessel of the law to overflow by putting into it too many precepts, replied, 'In a barrel full of nuts one can pour many measures of sesame oil.' Yes; one can do at the same time many different things on condition of stowing them away in the interstices." M. Renan made a sort of political confession, in which he said that he was essentially a Legitimist, born to serve faithfully a Dynasty or a Constitution whose authority was uncontested. But revolutions have made it difficult for him to follow his bent, and until a Government had lasted ten years he can scarcely accustom himself to look upon it as legitimate. "After all," concluded M. Renan, "the times in which we live are not worse than other times have been. The ground trembles sometimes; but earthquakes do not prevent the foot of Vesuvius being a pleasant place to live in. Get ready for life an ample provision of good humour. Except in case of national disaster, give a place to laughter, and to the hypothesis that this world may not be such a very serious thing, after all. Be glad to live, as we are glad to have lived. The old Gaulish gaiety is, perhaps, the most profound of philosophies."

The number of picture exhibitions goes on increasing; one wonders really how so many painters can earn a living, and even bread without butter, when they produce such horrible things as we see hung on the walls of the Salon des Refusés, and Exposition des Peintres Indépendants, both now open in the Rue Laffitte. Amongst the Indépendants there are, however, some men of really talent—for instance, M. Degas, who delights to scare the Philistines; M. Pissarro, who reminds one of Millet; and M. Forain, who has great skill, but who generally gets tired before he has finished his picture.

At the Mairie of the Rue d'Anjou may be read the first publication of the bans of marriage between M. Ernest Nicholas, alias Nicolini, lyric artiste, and Madame Adèle Jeanne Marie Patti, lyric artiste.

T. C.

The Queen Regent of Spain has given birth to a son. The event took place at half-past twelve on Monday. Señor Sagasta, the Prime Minister, who was in attendance at the palace, presented the newly-born infant to the throng of distinguished personages assembled in the rooms adjacent to the Royal apartments, and the birth was announced to the public by the hoisting of a flag on the palace, and by the firing of a salute of 101 guns. The Queen and infant are reported to be going on satisfactorily. The birth of the new King was formally announced in the Cortes the same day.—Madrid and its neighbourhood were on the evening of the 12th inst. visited by a cyclone of great violence, which caused numerous deaths and destroyed property estimated at over a quarter of a million sterling.—Queen Christina has charged herself with the maintenance and education of the children of those who perished during the tornado.

On Tuesday morning the Portuguese Crown Prince started from Lisbon to meet his bride, the Princess Amélie d'Orléans, who arrived in the capital of Portugal in the evening.

The Emperor of Germany on Tuesday morning inspected the 3rd Brigade of the Infantry of the Guard, and on his return to the palace received three sailors from the Cameroons who have joined the Imperial Navy. His Majesty is in good health. The Empress left Berlin last Saturday for her usual spring visit to Baden-Baden. The Grand Duchess of Baden, the Emperor's only daughter, arrived there on the previous day. The Crown Princess has joined her family at Homburg.—The German Federal Council has ratified the Anglo-German Convention for the mutual protection of proprietary rights in artistic and literary productions.—At the International Art Exhibition at Berlin, which will be opened to-morrow (Sunday), over a hundred British artists are represented by some of their best works.

Last Saturday the Crown Prince and Princess of Austria inaugurated a handsome new bridge at Vienna built over that branch of the Danube which separates the old city from the Leopoldstadt. The name of Stéphanie has been given to it.

M. Valvis, in obedience to King George's commands, formed a new Greek Cabinet on the 12th inst., the members of which took the oaths of office at the Royal palace during the afternoon. A Royal decree has been issued at Athens closing the Session of the Chamber, and convoking the deputies for a new Session, to commence on Wednesday.

The Czar and Czarina arrived at Sebastopol last Saturday, in order to be present at the launch of the new ironclad.

On Monday the United States Senate passed a bill limiting the commercial privileges of foreign vessels to those accorded to American vessels at the ports to which those foreign ships belong.—The trial of the first Alderman accused of receiving a bribe in favour of the Broadway Tramway, in 1884, resulted in a verdict of guilty.—Another series of cyclonic storms caused widespread devastation in Ohio and Indiana, on Friday, ten persons being killed, and very many injured. Various towns in Illinois, Michigan, and Kansas were also visited last week, which witnessed the most severe and destructive cyclonic storms ever experienced in the United States.—The police in Chicago, after a severe struggle, arrested Louis Lingg, who, it is alleged, threw the dynamite bomb among the police during the recent Socialist riots.—Herr Most, the Anarchist leader, has been arrested at New York.—Twenty thousand tailors' journeymen who were on strike in Chicago have resumed work. Another policeman has died of injuries received during the late Socialist riots.

The Legislative Assembly of New South Wales last Saturday rejected, by 66 noes against 22 yeas, a vote of censure proposed by Sir Henry Parkes against the Government of Sir P. A. Jennings, in connection with his proposals; and subsequently resolutions approving the proposed additional stamp duties were carried.

## OBITUARY.

LORD FARNBOROUGH.

The Right Hon. Sir Thomas Erskine May, K.C.B., P.C., just gazetted a Peer as Baron Farnborough, died, at his residence at the House of Commons, on the 17th inst. He was born in 1815, and in 1831 entered on the official career in which he acquired such high repute. In 1838 he was called to the Bar, and in 1873 appointed a Bench of the Middle Temple. From 1846 to 1856 he was Examiner of Petitions for Private Bills; in the latter year he was made Clerk-Assistant to the House of Commons; in 1860 had the Companionship of the Bath conferred on him; in 1866, that of K.C.B.; in 1871, succeeded to the office of Clerk of the House; and in 1884 was sworn of the Privy Council. He was author of several works on history and Parliamentary usage. The principal are "A Treatise on the Law, Privileges, and Usages of Parliament," "The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III.," and "Democracy in Europe." He married, in 1839, Louisa Johanna, only daughter of Mr. George Laughton, of Fareham, Hants.

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE PEARSON.

The Hon. John Pearson, M.A., one of the Judges of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, died on the 13th inst., at his residence, 75, Onslow-square. He was born Aug. 5, 1819, the son of the Rev. John Norman Pearson, M.A., by Harriet, his wife, daughter of Mr. Richard Puller; was educated at Caius College Cambridge, where he graduated in 1841; was called to the Bar in 1844, was made Queen's Counsel in 1866, and was elevated to the Bench in 1882, when he received the honour of knighthood. He married, Dec. 21, 1854, Charlotte Augusta, daughter of the Rev. William Short, Rector of St. George the Martyr, Bloomsbury. This accomplished Judge is deeply regretted. In the words of Mr. Justice Chitty, "He brought to bear upon the administration of justice a ripe experience, great learning, and a keen sense of doing justice towards his fellow-men. In losing him the public have sustained a great loss."

We have also to record the deaths of—

Dr. Arthur Westmoreland, Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Bursar of his college, on the 12th inst.

The Rev. Francis Burford Leonard, M.A., for thirty-nine years Rector of Kemeys Inferior, at Llandevan, in his eightieth year.

Mr. Thomas Adams, of Wood Hall, Worcestershire, on the 12th inst., aged fifty-seven.

Eliza Barbara, Lady Halliday, wife of Sir Frederick James Halliday, K.C.B., late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and daughter of General J. A. Paul Macgregor, on the 10th inst.

Mr. John Cheetham, owner of extensive cotton mills at Stalybridge, who formerly represented South Lancashire and afterwards Salford in Parliament, on the 18th inst., at Southport, in his eighty-fifth year.

Dr. Westmoreland, senior Fellow and Bursar of Jesus College, Cambridge, on the 12th inst. He had been a Fellow of the college for over forty years, and had held various offices in the University.

The Hon. Mrs. Rollo Russell (Alice Sophia), wife of the Hon. Francis Albert Rollo Russell, youngest son of the late Earl Russell, Prime Minister. She was daughter of Mr. Thomas Spragging Godfrey, of Balderton Hall, Notts; was married just a year, and had only attained the age of twenty-one.

The Rev. Dr. Bayley, ex-President of the New Church Conference, in his seventy-sixth year. Dr. Bayley was one of the foremost ministers of the Swedenborgian Church, and was widely known as a preacher, author, and lecturer for twenty years. For a long period he had charge of a London district.

Mr. Thomas Errington Wales, her Majesty's Inspector of Mines for South Wales, on the 18th inst., at his residence, Mount Pleasant, Swansea. He was well known in his official capacity, and as such had on several occasions displayed much personal bravery in descending mines with exploring parties after serious explosions.

Mr. William Barlow Smythe, of Barbavilla, county Westmeath, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1832, on the 16th inst., in his seventy-seventh year. He was one of the descendants of the influential family of Smyth of Gaybrook. He married, Feb. 7, 1837, Lady Emily Monck, daughter of the late Earl of Rathdowne, and was left a widower Nov. 25 following. Dying without issue, he is succeeded by his brother, Mr. Henry M. Smythe. It may be remembered that an attempt to assassinate Mr. Barlow Smythe was made a few years since, when his sister-in-law, Mrs. Smythe, was shot dead in the carriage.

Mr. James Stirling, of the Equity Bar, has been appointed to the Judgeship in the Chancery Division, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Justice Pearson.

The Rev. Dr. Moorhouse, late Bishop of Melbourne, was enthroned on Tuesday, at the Manchester Cathedral, as Bishop of Manchester. The Mayor of Manchester and the Mayor of Salford, with the Corporations of the city and borough, attended in state. In the evening a conversation was given at the Manchester Townhall by the Mayor.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The meets of the two Coaching Clubs are amongst the gratuitous shows of the season, delightful to the middle-class, and attractive to the fashionable public. The weather last Saturday, for the first meet this season of the Coaching Club, was about as unpleasant as it is in the capacity of weather to be, without wet skies. A harsh nor-easter was blowing hard, scooping up clouds of dust, and chilling the unwary, who had put their furs by in pepper too soon. But there was a great crowd at the meet, both pedestrian and vehicular. The carriages formed a double line on either side of the drive for a considerable distance. The Princess of Wales drove into the park with her three daughters in a barouche, just in time to see the procession of twenty-three coaches pass Hyde Park-corner. The Prince was on Lord C. Beresford's coach, with four fine greys, leading the way.

Her Royal Highness carried the inevitable red parasol, which she seems to have adopted as a sort of badge. During the last three seasons, though I have seen the Royal equipage in the drive very frequently, I have never failed to notice the red parasol. It is useful in enabling the crowd to do what everybody, high or low, delights to do—recognise the Princess. As the Royal liveries on these private occasions are exceedingly plain, being grey with red bands, and as there is no sort of state except a mounted policeman riding a few yards in advance (and not always that), it is not easy to distinguish the carriage at a little distance. But eager ladies stand patiently against the rails, minute after minute, looking along the row of approaching carriages for "the red parasol." Plenty of other ladies carry red parasols—considering what English loyal devotion is, the wonder is that any other kind are discernible—but still it is sufficiently distinctive to be looked out for easily. On Saturday the Princess's dress, over which no mantle was worn, was of a dark plum colour; and she had a jet bonnet, trimmed rather high with a stiff aigrette of gold.

There were not many noteworthy dresses. The spring gowns cannot come out while this weather continues. A walking dress, entirely of sapphire-blue velvet, was striking and handsome, but I thought it spoiled by a trimming of rats'-tail chenille fringe of the same colour round the very bottom of the skirt. In that situation, on a walking dress, there should never be any trimming, or arrangement of any sort, which looks as though it would not bear hearty good brushing, for in the nature of the case it is destined to get dirty, and scrupulous, spotless, unimpeachable cleanliness is the very first element of taste in costume. Another pretty dress had a coat polonaise down to the ground of black faille Française, opening in front over a narrow white silk plastron and tablier; the shoulders had large epaulettes of jet, and a shaped broad jet trimming also formed a panier on the hips, from which long dangles depended. A stringless bonnet all of red roses attracted attention; so did another of open-work jet, untrimmed except at the left side, where, nearer the back than the front, there rose a cluster of tall bows of scarlet ribbon, fixed with a jet bird.

Mrs. Langtry was driving in a victoria, wearing a light-green cloth dress, with black lace round the neck and down the front, and a sugar-loaf shaped silk hat, of the same material as a gentleman's tall hat, trimmed with black ribbon bows. By-the-way, this enterprising lady works too hard for the rôle of beauty. Not content with travelling every Sunday for some weeks past to Boulogne to rehearse with her French fellow-actor for her Monday's performance, she has given occasional provincial matinees, returning to town for her evening performance. Last week she made a new departure, by appearing as a reciter in the large Corn Exchange at Colchester. The entrepreneur seems to have arranged semi-regal honours for his distinguished aide: bouquets at the station, dressing-room upholstered in blue and gold, and cheering crowds. The recitations are said to have been successful, though, I am told, Mrs. Langtry's only previous attempts in that line were made for the amusement of her fellow-passengers to the United States. Her "pieces" at Colchester were "The Pride of Battery B" and Hood's "Domestic Asides."

The Colonial ladies and gentlemen over here officially in connection with the Exhibition have been given a reception by Mr. Augustus Harris, on the stage of Drury-Lane Theatre. It was very amusing altogether, and thoroughly successful. Most of the guests invited to the reception were present in boxes and stalls at the usual evening performance, and retained their seats while the stage was being arranged for supper. The potties and the occupants of upper boxes and gallery could not at all understand the gas being kept up and the stall-holders remaining seated; they stood at gaze, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the attendants got the house clear. Then every lady amongst the invited guests received a large hot-house bouquet, from which depended a card bearing the manager's compliments. Well-known people gathered by degrees. The curtain rose at a quarter to twelve on an unusual set scene—an Indian temple in the distance, palm-branches hanging from the top, and the floor covered with seven long tables fully laid for supper. There was some speechmaking, supper-taking, and a great deal more chatting for two or three hours longer.

Asparagus is plentiful and good this season. I wonder if everybody who has a freezing-machine knows how delicious iced asparagus is? It simply needs boiling as usual, draining, dipping in oiled butter, and putting into the freezer till thoroughly frozen. By oiled butter, I mean, of course, butter reduced to the condition of oil, not what is commonly called "melted butter." The best way to prepare oiled butter is to place the quantity of butter required in a covered jar, to put this into a saucepan, and to let water boil around it till the butter is thoroughly melted. A kind of curd falls to the bottom of the jar, and the clear oil must be carefully poured off it. Many epicures prefer this as sauce to "melted butter" to eat with boiled asparagus. The vegetable, dipped in oiled butter and frozen, is eaten alone, with no further preparation but dipping in salt on the plate. It is almost worth while living to have iced asparagus a few times in the year. Like every other good thing, it clogs the palate if partaken of too frequently. Only the giant form of the succulent vegetable should be chosen for this treatment; but on a future occasion, I hope to give some recipes for using the smaller kinds in various delicate fashions.

To Correspondents.—Mrs. Woodforde: Mere copies of recipes are of no use; cookery books are plentiful, and mostly unreliable. I want personal experience. A. B. W.: Many thanks; the recipes are too commonplace, however. Mrs. Stern, H. B., Lady Help, and all other correspondents are thanked sincerely.

F. F. M.

The colonial team, numbering fifteen men, who are to compete at the meeting of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon in July, sailed from Melbourne last Saturday.

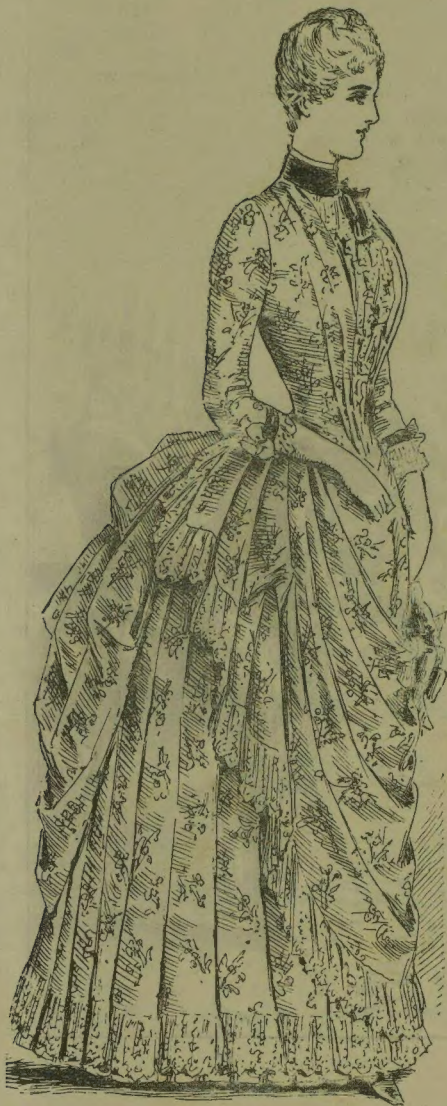
The writings of Carlyle do not readily lend themselves to recitation, but Mr. Watts Russell gave "The Human Hive" with considerable success at his fifth recital in the Westminster Townhall on Monday afternoon. Macaulay's "Ivory" and Buchanan's powerful story of "Phil Blood's Leap" were among the other selections.



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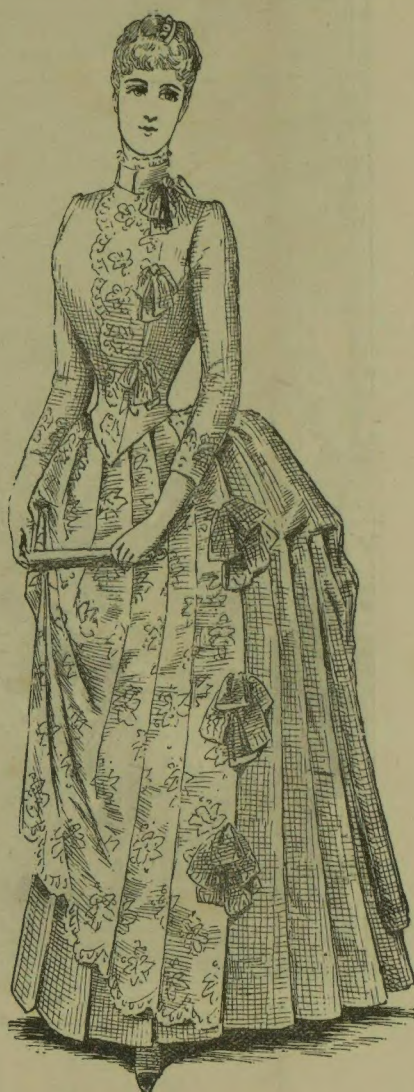
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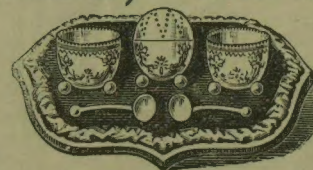
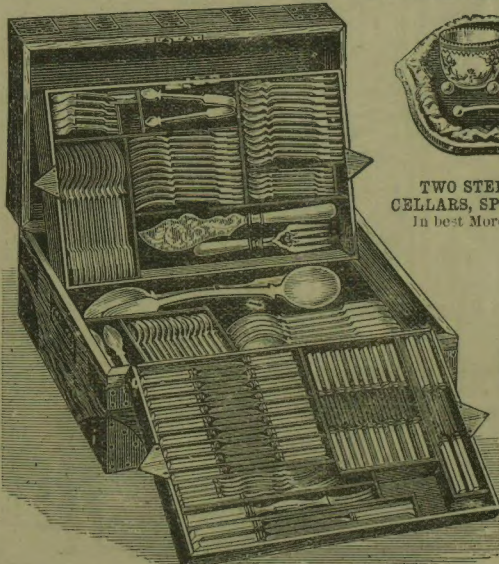
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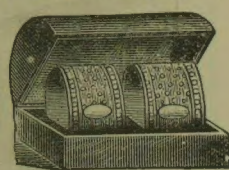
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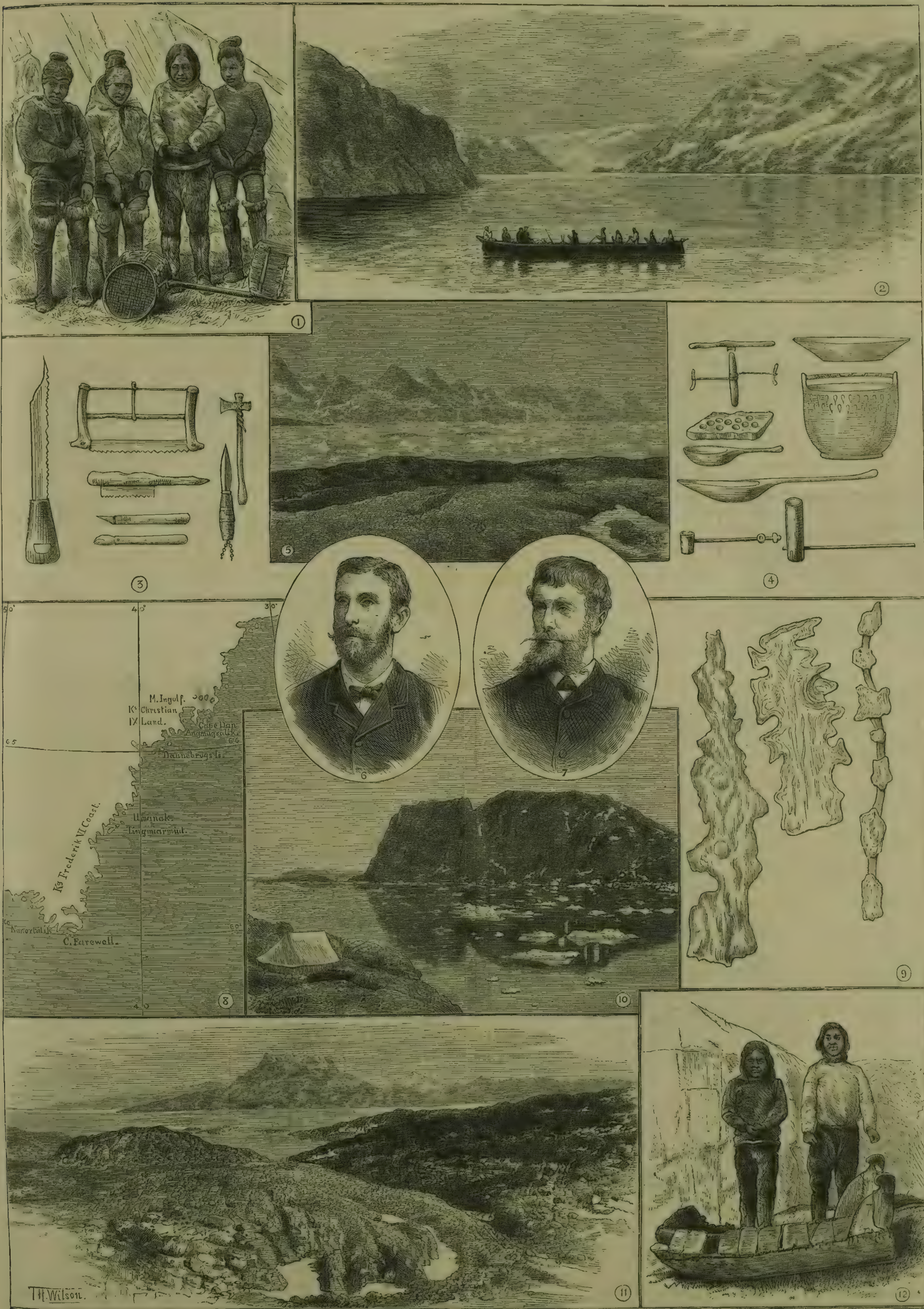


HER MAJESTY LEAVING THE EXHIBITION.



INTERIOR OF THE LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION.





1. Natives outside their summer tent.  
2. Expedition in a boat of hide on its way up the coast.  
3. Tools of natives: stone, bone, wood, and iron.  
4. Household chattels of natives.

5. Tingmiarlut.  
6. Captain Gustav Holm, Commander of the Expedition.  
7. Dr. Knutsen.  
8. Coast line surveyed by the Expedition.

9. Mountains, coast line, and islands, portrayed in wood by the natives.  
10. Umanak.  
11. Angmagssalik Fjord.  
12. Men of East Greenland coast.



## EXPEDITION TO EAST GREENLAND.

An expedition to survey and map out the hitherto unexplored eastern coast of Greenland, under the command of Captain Gustav Holm, K.D., and Lieutenant W. Garde, of the Danish Royal Navy, with a Professor of Mineralogy, Dr. H. Knutsen (Norwegian), and Mr. P. Eberlin, candidate in philosophy and science, was sent out by the Danish Government in May, 1883. The expedition arrived at Nanortalik, 60 deg. N., in West Greenland, on July 18, 1883. During the summer depôts were laid down on the east coast, after which the expedition returned to the west coast, and passed the winter at Nanortalik. The expedition left again in May, 1884, for the east coast, followed by thirty-one Greenlanders, twelve men and nineteen women, in four konebaade (boats made of hides), and seven rayaks; it arrived in June at Tingmiarmiut, 60 deg. 31 min. N., where another depôt was laid down. On June 30, Lieutenant Garde and Mr. Eberlin, left again for the west coast, laying down the coast-line on their way; while Captain Holm, Dr. Knutsen, and Mr. Johan Petersen (the interpreter), in two konebaade, rowed by five women and two men from the west coast, went to the north, exploring and laying down the coast, and arrived at Angmagssalik, 63 deg. 37 min. N., on Aug. 31. Angmagssalik is inhabited by a heathen tribe of about four hundred friendly people, with a language of their own, and with such manners and customs as were probably indigenous to the natives of Western Greenland three centuries ago, before the emissaries of civilisation had visited their country. Here the expedition passed nine months in an Esquimo house, using the time to explore and map out the coast and the land, which has been named "King Christian IX. Land." In the beginning of July, 1885, the expedition left again for the west coast, and met Lieutenant Garde and Mr. Eberlin, who had passed the winter at Nanortalik, between Umanak and Tingmiarmiut. Upon arriving at Nanortalik, Captain Holm, Lieutenant Garde, Dr. Knutsen, Mr. Eberlin, and Mr. Johan Petersen left for Copenhagen, where they arrived on Oct. 3, 1885, after two and a half years' absence. Among other achievements, this expedition has succeeded in laying down a special chart of the hitherto unexplored coast up to 66 deg. 8 min. N., and has brought home ethnological, mineralogical, and other collections of the greatest interest. Only two districts on the east coast of Greenland—Tingmiarmiut and Angmagssalik—are inhabited. We understand that Mr. Gamel, who sent out the late expedition to the Kara Sea, under Lieutenant Hovgaard, intends, in case of his enterprise being seconded by the Government, to send his steamer, the *Dijmphna*, on an expedition, under an officer of the Danish Royal Navy, to the

east coast of Greenland, to explore and lay down the coast-line between the farthest northward point—66 deg. 8 min. N., attained by Captain Holm, and 70 deg. N.

Our Illustrations are from Sketches furnished by Mr. P. J. Kretz, of Copenhagen.

The fine jewels, works of ornamental art, and pictures of the old Flemish and German schools, belonging to Mr. Beresford Hope, were sold by Messrs. Christie last week, and realised high prices. The total of four days' sale amounted to £17,434.

An exhibition of home and art work executed by bank officers was opened by the Lord Mayor last Saturday afternoon in the Old Council Chamber of the Guildhall. The exhibits consist of paintings in oils and water colours, drawings, etchings, photographs, crystalloids, plaques, models, wood carvings, and fretwork. The proceeds of the exhibition will be given to the Bank Clerks' Orphanage.

Yesterday week the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs, unveiled at St. James's Church, Curtain-road, Shoreditch, a Shakspeare memorial window, presented, at a cost of £130, by Mr. Stanley Cooper. The church was fixed upon because close by it stood the old Curtain Theatre, with the fortunes of which Shakspeare is said to have been connected, and in which he himself acted.

The Art Treasures Exhibition at Folkestone is to be opened to-day (Saturday) by the Lord Mayor of London, who will be accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, Lord and Lady Granville, the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, and other official guests. There will be a very large and costly collection of works of art, sculpture, and paintings, the latter occupying several galleries; while the Cinque Ports are furnishing some exhibits of great historic interest.

The connection between Jewish, Phœnician, and Early Greek Art and Architecture formed the subject of a paper read before the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute last Monday, in which Dr. Porter gave the results of his recent explorations in Greece and Asia Minor. In carrying out his investigations on the spot he had had greater advantages than some, and on that account, perhaps, had been the more impressed with the value of what he had seen to the earnest student of history. A discussion ensued, in which Mr. Trelawney Saunders, Mr. Boscawen, Dr. Chaplin, Mr. Howard, and Mr. J. D. Crace, and others, took part. Several speakers complimented Dr. Porter on having given briefly a very perfect resumé of the whole question so far as modern discovery admitted.

## EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The key used by Prince Albert Victor of Wales at the opening of this Exhibition was manufactured by Messrs. Chubb. It is partly of gold and partly of silver; the bow is round, with projecting fleur-de-lis, and springs from a stem with a gold thistle; the interior of the bow has open and chased work of Celtic character, with the Scottish lion on a shield; the inscription is "International Exhibition of Industry, Science, and Art, Edinburgh," enamelled in red. On the other side of the key appear the arms of Prince Albert Victor, enamelled in the proper heraldic colours, and an inscription in blue enamel. The key is surmounted by a jewelled crown of gold, enclosed in a crimson velvet case.



KEY USED BY PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AT THE OPENING OF THE EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

A bazaar and garden fête, in aid of the building fund of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Mansfield-road, N.W., has been held this week in the grounds of The Woodlands, Haverstock-hill.

At Sheffield Park last Saturday, Lord Sheffield's team soon hit off the 18 runs required to beat the Australians in the cricket-match, thus winning the match by eight wickets. The cricket-match of the M.C.C. and Ground with Derbyshire concluded at Lord's, on Saturday, in a victory for the county by an innings and 28 runs. The Freshmen's matches at Oxford and Cambridge were both drawn.



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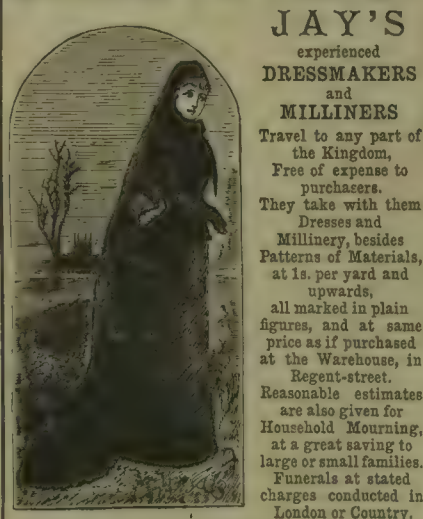


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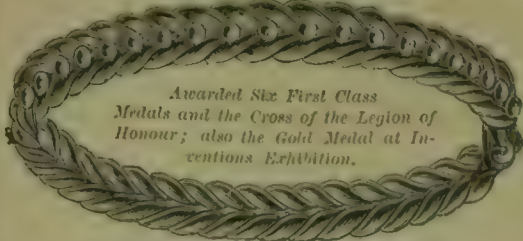
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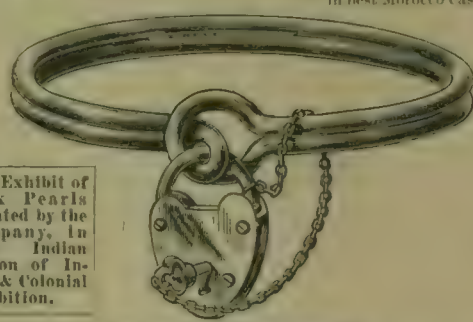
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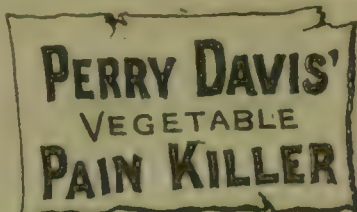
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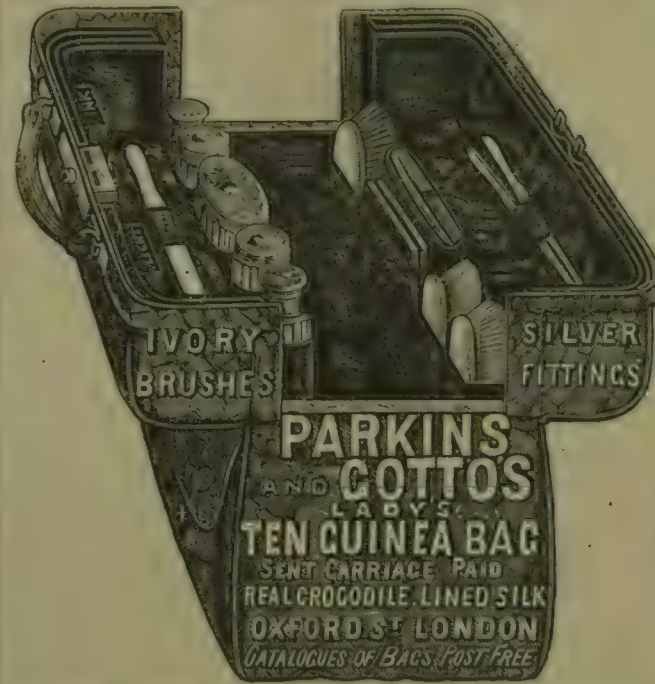
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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the Council of Physicians and J. T. Bayly, Esq., that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1883.

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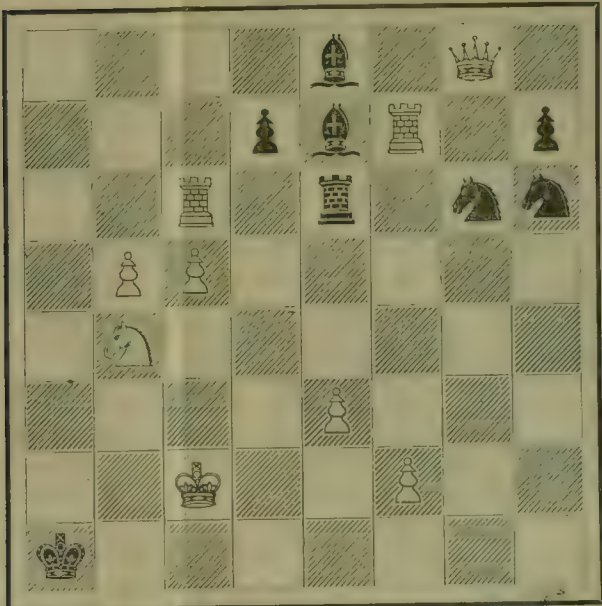
CHES.

[Answers to correspondents are unavoidably deferred.]

PROBLEM NO. 2200.

By W. GRIMSHAW.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

A pretty Game, in which Mr. E. THOROLD, of Bath, yields the odds of K Kt to a strong AMATEUR.

(Remove White's King's Knight.—King's Bishop's Opening.)

- |                                                                                                                                                          |                |                                                                            |                     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. T.)                                                                                                                                           | BLACK (Mr. A.) | WHITE (Mr. T.)                                                             | BLACK (Mr. A.)      |
| 1. P to K 4th                                                                                                                                            | P to K 4th     | 11. K to Kt 2nd would have saved time here, more valuable than the Bishop. |                     |
| 2. B to B 4th                                                                                                                                            | P to K B 4th   | 12. B to R 6th (ch) K to Kt sq                                             |                     |
| The Calabrois counter gambit is not a good defence, at its best; and Black does not make much of it.                                                     |                |                                                                            |                     |
| 3. Castles                                                                                                                                               |                | He should have played 12. K to B 2nd at once.                              |                     |
| The routine move, 3. P to Q 3rd, does not suit Mr. Thorold's style, hence Black's second move in the last of the "bookish theories" occurs in this game. |                |                                                                            |                     |
| 4. Kt to B 3rd                                                                                                                                           | Kt to K B 3rd  | 13. Q R to K sq                                                            | B to Q 2nd          |
| 5. R to K sq                                                                                                                                             | P to Q 3rd     | 14. Q to Q R 3rd                                                           | K to B 2nd          |
| 6. Kt takes P                                                                                                                                            | P takes P      | 15. Q to B 5th                                                             | R takes R           |
|                                                                                                                                                          | B to K 2nd     | 16. R takes B                                                              | B to K 3rd          |
|                                                                                                                                                          |                | 17. B to Kt 5th                                                            | Q to B 2nd          |
|                                                                                                                                                          |                | 18. P to Q 5th                                                             |                     |
| A fine stroke, leading to a pretty termination. Black cannot take the Pawn with either Pawn or Bishop without losing his Queen.                          |                |                                                                            |                     |
| 7. Kt takes Kt (ch)                                                                                                                                      | B takes Kt     | 19. P takes B (ch)                                                         | R to K sq           |
| 8. Q to R 5th (ch)                                                                                                                                       | P to Kt 3rd    | 20. R takes R                                                              | R takes P           |
| 9. R takes P (ch)                                                                                                                                        | K to B sq      | 21. Q takes P (ch)                                                         | K to B 4th          |
| 10. Q to K B 3rd                                                                                                                                         | P to Q 4th     | 22. P to K R 4th                                                           | P to K R 4th        |
| 11. P to Q 4th                                                                                                                                           | P takes B      | 23. P to K B 3rd                                                           | and Black resigned. |

This year's tournament of the British Chess Association will be held in London, play commencing on July 12 or 19 next. It will be a single round tourney, unless the number of entries be under ten, in which event two rounds will be played. The prizes in the masters' tournament will be as follows:—First prize, £80; second, £50; third, £40; fourth, £25; fifth,

£15. The entrance fees will be distributed among the unsuccessful competitors. The prizes in the minor tournament are five in number: £20, £10, £5, £4, and £3, respectively. Subscriptions towards the prize funds will be received by Messrs. Coutts and Co.; or the honorary treasurer, Mr. W. H. Cubison, 16, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W.

Led by the Rev. Mr. Wayte, the chessplaying representatives of London University gave a good account of themselves at the Salutation Tavern, Newgate-street, on the 12th inst. They were opposed by a team of mixed classes from the City Club, led by Mr. Angor; and each side was represented by seventeen champions. On assembling, Mr. Blackburne was appointed adjudicator of unfinished games; and play commenced at seven o'clock precisely. At eleven p.m. time was called, and the score taken, when it was found that the University had won by 9½ points to 7½. The following table shows the pairing of the players and their respective scores:—

LONDON UNIVERSITY.				CITY CLUB.			
Rev. Mr. Wayte	0½	..	Mr. Angor	..	0½	..	
Mr. Selfe Leonard	1	..	Mr. Block	..	0	..	
Mr. J. Zangwill	0	..	Mr. Anstey-Chave	..	1	..	
Mr. Trenchard	0½	..	Mr. Cope	..	0½	..	
Mr. Brodribb	1	..	Mr. Crawford	..	0	..	
Mr. Rabson	0	..	Mr. Cutler	..	1	..	
Mr. L. Zangwill	1	..	Mr. Gastineau	..	0	..	
Mr. Frankenstein	1	..	Mr. Heppell	..	0	..	
Mr. Marfleet	1	..	Mr. Heritage	..	0	..	
Mr. Smith	1	..	Mr. Robbins	..	0	..	
Mr. Seward	0½	..	Mr. Smith	..	0½	..	
Mr. Abrahams	0	..	Mr. Levy	..	1	..	
Mr. Gooch	0	..	Dr. Mackenzie	..	1	..	
Mr. Cathcart	1	..	Mr. Staniforth	..	0	..	
Dr. Hunt	0	..	Mr. Stevens	..	1	..	
Mr. Jacobs	0½	..	Mr. Tinsley	..	0½	..	
Mr. Cohen	0½	..	Mr. Woon	..	0½	..	
Total	9½	..			7½	..	

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 13, 1883) of Mr. Alfred Burges, formerly of No. 7, Dartmouth-row, Blackheath, afterwards of No. 87, Harcourt-terrace, West Brompton, but late of Worthing, who died on March 12 last, was proved on the 16th ult. by Richard Popplewell Pullan, James Adair McConnachie, and John Starling Chapple, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £112,000. The testator leaves £3500 to such charitable institutions or societies, and in such shares as his trustees, in their absolute discretion, shall think fit; certain railway stock, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Mary Leschallas Pullan, for her life; a similar stock legacy, upon trust, for his son-in-law, Mr. Pullan, for life; his freehold house at Worthing, and certain Government stock, upon trust, for his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mary Russel Burges, for life, or while she remains unmarried; and numerous other stock and money legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his two grand-daughters, Elizabeth Mary and Eleanor, the children of his deceased son, Alfred.

The will (dated March 12, 1878), with eight codicils (the last dated March 12, 1886), of Miss Elizabeth Lancaster, late of Stanmer House, Suffolk Lawn, Cheltenham, who died on March 19 last, was proved on the 3rd inst. by Lieutenant-Colonel William Ward and Adolphus William Ward, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £100,000. The testatrix, by one of the codicils, bequeaths £250 each to the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East, the Colonial and Continental Church Society, the Protestant Reformation Society, the Soldiers' Daughters' Home, the Sailors' Orphan Girls, the Pastoral Aid Society, the Poor Pious Clergy Tract Society, the Cheltenham General Hospital and Dispensary (presumably in lieu of the £500 legacy given by the will), the Cheltenham Samaritan Fund and Dispensary (a

branch of the said hospital), the Cheltenham Female Orphan Asylum (also, it is presumed, in lieu of the £500 legacy given by the will), the Cheltenham Asylum for Orphan Boys, the Scarlet Fever ward or branch of the Delancy Hospital, the Smallpox ward or branch of the same hospital, and the Cheltenham and Gloucestershire Industrial School for the Blind. She also bequeaths £20,000 each to her nieces, Augusta Catherine Ellis and Adelaide Laura Ward; and numerous legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her said two nieces and her brother, John Lancaster, and his four children.

The will (dated Oct. 22, 1875), with two codicils (dated July 16, 1876, and Aug. 26, 1885), of Mr. Samuel Gaskell, for many years one of the Medical Commissioners in Lunacy, late of Church House, Otlands Park, Walton-on-Thames, who died on March 17 last, was proved on the 8th ult. by Arthur Holland, the nephew, and James Wilkes, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £85,000. The testator gives all his properties in Hersham, Walton, and Weybridge, and his furniture, books, and pictures to his brother Robert; certain shares to his brother William, and a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his brothers, Robert Gaskell and William Gaskell, and his sisters, Mrs. Ann Robson, and Mrs. Elizabeth Holland, equally.

The will (dated March 28, 1884) of Mr. William Clarke, late of Osborne House, No. 11, Highbury New Park, who died on March 19 last, was proved on the 7th ult. by Abraham James Clarke and Daniel Clarke, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £42,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to the Watch and Clock Makers' Asylum, Colney Hatch; and legacies to nephews, nieces, servants, and others. The residue of his estate and effects he gives to his said two brothers, to be equally divided between them.

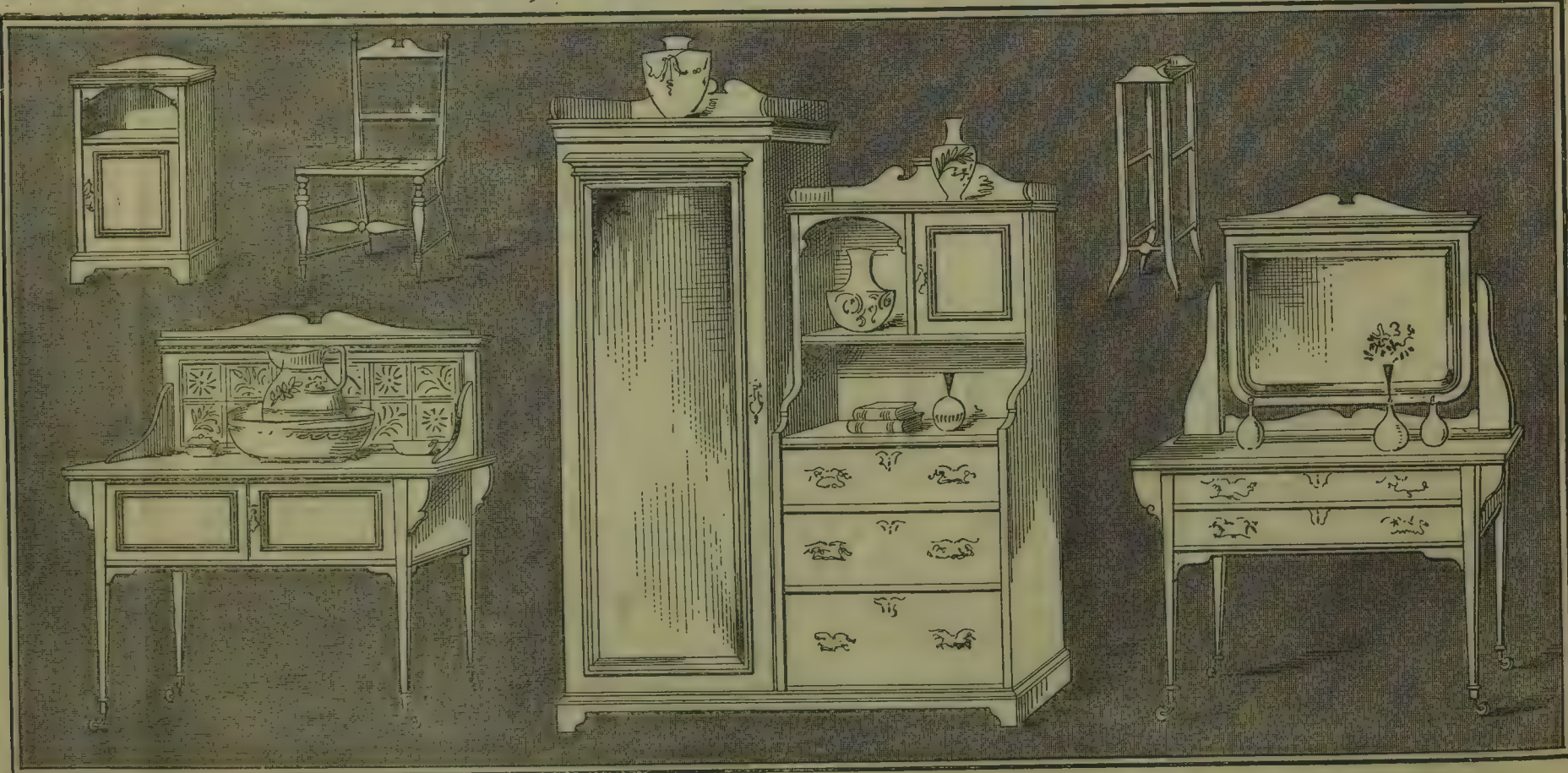
The will (dated Sept. 30, 1885) of Mrs. Anne Healey, late of No. 1, Regent's Park-villas, who died on Jan. 13 last, was proved on the 7th ult. by Alfred Healey, and Thomas James Hughes, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate which she had power to appoint under settlement exceeding £27,000. The testatrix bequeaths annuities to her brothers, William and Thomas James; and legacies to her executors and to a servant. The residue of the property she had power to appoint, she leaves to the children of her said two brothers, in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1880) of Admiral Sir Charles Frederick Alexander Shadwell, K.C.B., late of Meadowbank, near Melksham, Wilts, who died on March 1 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by John Emilius Lancelot Shadwell and Charles Lancelot Shadwell, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000. The testator leaves his property at Northolt, Middlesex, to his nephew Charles Lancelot Shadwell; and there are bequests to other relatives, servants, and others. He appoints his nephew John Emilius Lancelot Shadwell residuary legatee.

Sir Charles Warren, the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, has confirmed and prolonged his predecessor's order for the muzzling dogs in London.

The annual meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute was held at the close of last week, the Bessemer medal being presented to Edward Williams for his services to the institute and the iron and steel trade.

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THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING ALONG CASTLE-STREET.



## THE QUEEN AT LIVERPOOL.

Our last week's publication contained a View of the city of Liverpool and the Mersey with its docks, and many Sketches made there, including the public buildings and monuments and the street decorations prepared for the Queen's visit. The proceedings on Tuesday and Wednesday week, of which we gave a partial account, now afford the subjects of further illustrations; and of these, especially of the Liverpool Exhibition opened by her Majesty, something remains to be here stated.

The International Exhibition of "Navigation, Commerce, and Industry" is contained in a temporary structure near Wavertree (pronounced "Watery"), an eastern suburb of Liverpool, and is not far from the Edgehill station of the London and North-Western Railway. It was originally meant chiefly to illustrate the arts belonging to maritime conveyance and traffic, and might have been called "The Shippers"; but river, canal, and land traffic were added to the plan, and it was finally extended to all the trades and manufacture which are served by conveyance over land and sea. The Mayor, Alderman Sir David Radcliffe, was the projector, and has been the most active conductor of this undertaking. The building, of iron and glass covers a space 430 yards long, 230 yards in extreme width, having wings at each end. In the grounds outside rises a full-sized model of the Eddystone Lighthouse, 150 ft. high; a Manx lugger, 60 ft. long, with masts and rigging, an Aylesbury dairy, a model bakery, an Indian village, an old English smithy, and other establishments are in these grounds. The interior of the Exhibition, among its special features, presents a great collection of models of all kinds of ships and boats, marine engines, rigging, and nautical appliances; a collection of railway locomotives, models of trains and railway works, and different sorts of vehicles, including some carriages lent by the Queen; an imitation of the Ashantee King's thatched palace at Coomassie; a brass and iron foundry, with machinery at work; a Liverpool trade trophy, with samples of various imports; a steam-boiler trophy, a trophy of Liebig chemical manufactures, and one of Doulton's artistic pottery in the central avenue. Close to this last, was the dais upon which stood the throne, with a canopy, for her Majesty to occupy at the opening ceremonial.

As related last week, the Queen, with the Duke of Connaught and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, travelling all night from Windsor, arrived on Tuesday morning, and went to Newsham House, a mansion belonging to the Corporation of Liverpool, about a mile from the Exhibition. At four in the afternoon the Royal party went to the Exhibition. Her Majesty was received by the Mayor and Town Clerk, the Earl of Sefton, Lord Lieutenant, Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, High Sheriff, and Sir Ughtred Kay Shuttleworth, M.P., Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. She was conducted in procession through part of the building, and took her place on the dais in the centre, amidst a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen, including many of the nobility, and several Bishops.

The National Anthem was sung; an overture was performed by the orchestra; the Mayor read an address, to which her Majesty read a brief reply; the honorary secretaries, members of the Executive Council, and architect, were presented to her Majesty; a special prayer was read by the Archbishop of York; then came Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." A golden key was applied by the Queen's hand to a master-lock fitted in a pedestal, whereby all the doors in the Exhibition at once seemed to open. Lord Granville, who attended her Majesty as Secretary of State, officially declared the opening. The Queen then desired the Mayor of Liverpool to prepare himself for receiving the honour of knighthood. His Worship knelt while she took a sword lent her by General Gardiner, one of the officers of her suite, and performed with it this act of Royal grace. Her Majesty then walked through and left the Exhibition. A great assembly of school children outside sang "God Save the Queen." Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice in the evening visited the Earl and Countess of Sefton, at Croxteth Park. The Duke of Connaught was entertained by the Mayor with a banquet at the Townhall.

The rainy weather, on Wednesday, was a severe trial to the many thousands of people who crowded the streets. It rather spoilt the festive decorations, and the procession, 16,000 strong, of a great diversity of trades and Friendly Societies. This procession mustered in Falkner-square, and marched through Leece-street, Bold-street, Church-street, Lord-street, Castle-street, Dale-street, William Brown-street, London-road, Brunswick-road, and West Derby-road, to Newsham Park.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice, about noon, visited the Seamen's Orphanage in Newsham Park. They received bouquets from the members of the Newsham Cricket Club, and her Royal Highness presented medals to the St. John Ambulance Association. The Duke of Connaught and Prince Henry of Battenberg meanwhile visited the Mersey Railway Tunnel.

At three o'clock, her Majesty and their Royal Highnesses, in an open carriage with four horses, followed by the High Sheriff and the Mayor, set forth, despite the rain, to go to St. George's Hall, there to receive the address of the Corporation. The route was through Newsham Park, Exhibition-road, Tunnel-road, Edgehill, Lodge-lane, Sefton Park, Prince's-road, Catherine-street, Myrtle-street, Hardman-street, Leece-street, Bold-street, Ranelagh-street, and Lime-street. The trades' procession men formed a long line in Newsham-drive and Orphan-drive. Six thousand of the Volunteers and Naval Artillery or Engineers kept the road through the town. The people thronged everywhere, and enthusiastically cheered the Queen. On the west side of St. George's Hall, where two very fine triumphal arches stood, respectively, at the end of Lime-street and at the bottom of London-road, a vast grand stand was erected, holding 5000 persons, and adorned with numerous flags in festoons. The Queen did not alight from her carriage, which halted in front of this stand under a sheltering canopy. The Mayor stepped forward, in presence of the assembled members of the Corporation, with their address, which he took out of a beautiful casket of gold, silver, and enamel, and handed to the Queen. Her Majesty received it, with a few words expressing

her "deep gratitude for this enthusiastic reception," and read also a written reply, in which she referred to her former visit to Liverpool in 1851, "accompanied by the Prince, my beloved husband"; and she spoke of the Exhibition as one with the greatest promise of success. The Mayor then presented to her Majesty several of the leading members of the Corporation—Mr. Forwood, M.P., Sir J. A. Picton, Alderman Livingston, the Recorder, Mr. Hopwood, Q.C., and the Town Clerk, Mr. Atkinson.

The Royal carriages moved on, passing down William Brown-street, Dale-street, and Water-street, to the Prince's Landing-Stage. The open spaces in front of the town on the riverside were crowded with vast multitudes of people, who cheered the Queen with an immense roar of voices. The steam ferry-boat Claughton, belonging to the Birkenhead Corporation, lay at the Landing-Stage. A saloon, with glass sides, was erected on its deck, and here the Queen and Princess Beatrice were sheltered from the rain, but could look about them. On board were the two Princes, Mr. T. D. Hornby, chairman of the Mersey Dock and Harbour Trustees, the Earl of Sefton, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Lathom, the High Sheriff, the Mayor, Mr. Lyster, engineer to the Dock Trustees, Mr. T. H. Ismay, and Captain Pinhey, manager of the Birkenhead ferry, who directed the movements of the boat. The trip was at first down the Mersey, along the line of docks, which were pointed out and described to her Majesty, as far as H.M.S. Northampton, lying opposite New Brighton. That ship, of course, fired a Royal salute. The boat then returned up the river on the Cheshire side, passing three large Atlantic steam-ships, which were dressed with flags; the Clarence and the Conway training-ships, on board which the boys cheered heartily; and the Great Eastern, which was lying in the Sloynce. After being nearly an hour and a half on the river, the Queen and her party landed again, entered their carriage, and drove back to Newsham House, arriving there ten minutes before seven o'clock. In the evening, the Duke of Connaught and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg went to a ball at the Wellington Rooms.

Her Majesty and their Royal Highnesses left Liverpool on Thursday morning, and travelled direct to Windsor.

Father O'Dwyer has been appointed Bishop of Limerick, and Father Finegan Bishop of Kilmore.

Mr. John Edge, Q.C., has been appointed Chief Justice of the High Court at Allahabad, in succession to Sir W. C. Petheram, who has been appointed Chief Justice of the High Court at Calcutta.

The council of the Royal Geographical Society have awarded the Founders' medal to Major A. W. Greely, for his exploration of the shores of the Polar Sea and the interior of Grinnell Land; and the Patrons' medal to Signor Guido Cora, for his services as a writer and cartographer. The Murchison grant has been given to the brothers F. and A. Jardine, and the Back grant to Sergeant David L. Brainard. The anniversary meeting of the society will be held next Monday.

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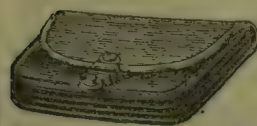
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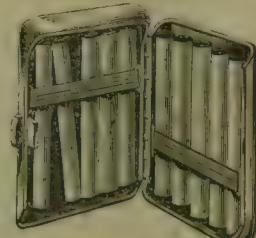
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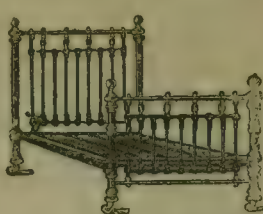
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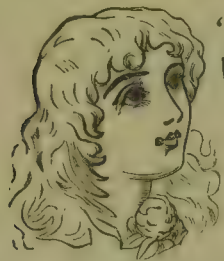


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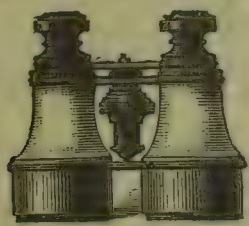


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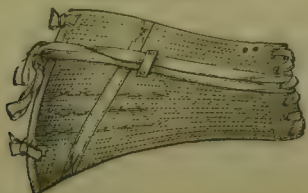
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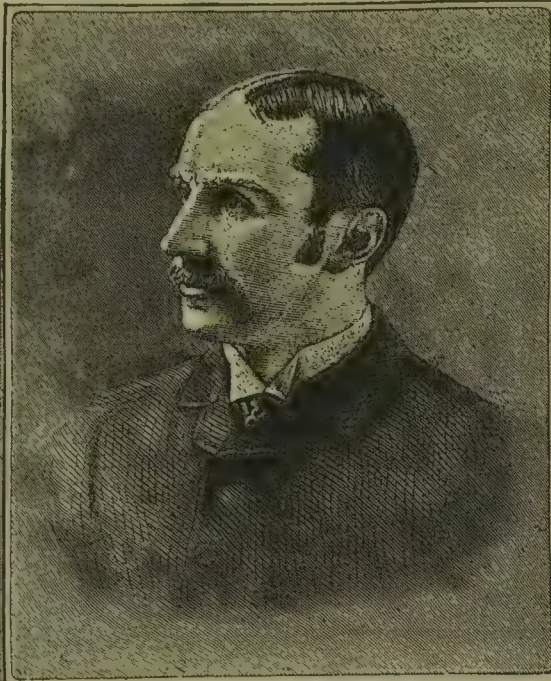
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## Derby Colours.

## "CAPS AND JACKETS OF THE TURF."

We are on the eve of what is certain to be the most populously attended Derby of the period. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales having with characteristic geniality and heartiness welcomed the Royal Commissioners from the furthestmost parts of the Empire to the brilliant Colonial and Indian Exhibition in London, the Prince, as one of the keenest of sportsmen, will with no less pleasure see our numerous Colonial and Indian guests flock to Epsom Downs on Wednesday next, the Twenty-sixth of May, to enjoy the race for the Derby, and the marvellous sight presented by the crowded Grand Stand and thronged inclosures, and the teeming hill which rises from the long line of coaches and landaus, pleasure-vans, barouches, "hansoms," and every imaginable kind of vehicle fringing the course. This enormous gathering of pleasure-seekers and of sporting men of every class on Epsom Downs will give our numberless visitors a fair idea of the colossal fashion in which London picnics once a year. The spectacle is unique. Every section of the public, in and out of Society, is represented. Now in the Royal box, and then in the selectest of rings, may be recognised the light-bearded Heir Apparent in light dust coat and grey hat. Conspicuous among the patrician magnates of the Turf are bound to be the gaunt, brown-bearded Marquis of Hartington; the keen, closely-shaven and quite horsey-looking Duke of Westminster, proud owner of the Derby favourite; tall and auburn Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P., whose racing career would form the plot of a most romantic novel; and the still boyish-looking Foreign Minister of her Majesty, the Earl of Rosebery. Whilst "Post and Paddock" also have their attractions for many pilgrims to Epsom, "all the fun of the fair," boxing-booths, thimble-rigging, "Aunt Sally," the Brobdignagian Giant, the Lilliputian Dwarf, and the "Bearded Lady" have irresistible charms for the multitude not wholly carried away by the fever of betting.

Colour! For life and colour, England offers no sight in the whole round of sport to equal Epsom Downs on the Derby Day. The crowning beauty is, of course, given to the radiant and enlivening scene when the fleetest horses of the year, their skillful jockeys gay in silken shirts of rainbow hues, flash past in the great race, and all eyes are riveted upon the colours worn by Fred. Archer, Charles Wood, G. Barrett, or by which-

ever horsemen happen to be riding in the van. Hence should the "Caps and Jackets of the Turf," delineated in the present Coloured Supplement, be of especial interest the Saturday before the Derby is run.


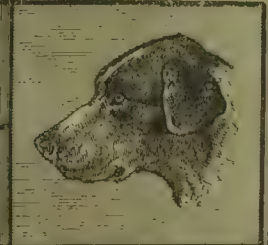




The racing colours of the Duke of Westminster, whose handsome bay colt, Ormonde, vanquisher of Minting in the Two Thousand Guineas, is prime favourite for the Derby, first claim attention. The yellow jacket and black cap worn by his Grace's jockeys have many a time and oft been victorious colours, the best friends of the Turf have good reason to congratulate themselves, inasmuch as the Duke of Westminster has, throughout his brief but brilliant racing career, ever acted upon the principle of *noblesse oblige*. Ormonde's famous sire, Bend Or, carried the yellow jacket and black cap first past the post in the Derby of 1880, after the memorable struggle with Robert the Devil. Racing men would give much to know whether the bay colt in whose veins runs the blood of Doncaster and Bend Or will carry the black and yellow triumphantly in the Derby, and thus repeat the feat of his Grace's celebrated filly Shotover, who in 1882 won both the Two Thousand and the Derby. With respect to the wearers of the Duke of Westminster's colours, they comprise in Fred. Archer, Tom Cannon, and George Barrett the élite of jockeydom.

Mr. R. C. Vyner's bay colt Minting (by Lord Lyon—Mint Sauce), having been first favourite for the Two Thousand, which Ormonde won by two lengths, and having since been second favourite for the Derby until his owner made it known he would not let him run at Epsom in the event of the Duke of Westminster's colt keeping well, it may be fairly said Minting's colours, violet and white belt and cap, have dazzled and perplexed the eyes of many votaries of the Turf. The Lambkin carried Mr. Vyner's colours to the front when this keen north of England sportsman won the St. Leger. Organist, carrying the violet and white belt, won the Chester Cup for Mr. Vyner in 1874, and the Ascot Stakes in 1875; the Ascot Queen's Vase being also gained by Organist.

Racing colours, it will be observed, are as various as the tastes of men and women. A most enthusiastic and liberal patron of the turf, Sir R. Jardine, had the satisfaction of seeing the dark blue and silver braid he favours brilliantly successful in 1869, when Pretender won both the Two Thousand and the Derby. Sir R. Jardine's Bothwell ran so well two years later that the Two Thousand of '71 fell to the dark

blue and silver. Among the other victories of this eminent Turf worthy may be cited Tam o' Shanter's in the Chester Cup of 1876, that of Hilarious in the Cesarewitch of 1877, of Teviotdale in the Ascot Stakes of 1880 and 1881, and of many another memorable win at Newmarket, Ascot, and Goodwood. In the same group as Sir R. Jardine's blue and silver will be found the white and cardinal belt of Lord Manners, who has principally devoted himself to steeplechasing, he having himself steered Seaman to victory in the Liverpool Grand National; but he also won the Prince of Wales's Cup at Ascot with Sir Reuben, Charles Wood "up." Sir Frederic Johnstone's well-known colours—chocolate and yellow—were notably successful in 1869, when Brigantine, ridden by Tom Cannon, won the Oaks; and in 1883 St. Blaise, piloted by C. Wood, won the Derby, after a close finish with Highland Chief. The colours of Sir F. Johnstone (who on the death of Mr. W. S. Crawford most successfully managed the racing stud of that lamented sportsman, in 1883, at the request of the Duchess of Montrose) are the same as Lord Alington's, of whom the popular Dorsetshire Baronet is a racing partner.

Sir John Astley, an enthusiastic supporter of every branch of sport, has for colours a canary jacket and green cap, which he has seen triumphant upon many occasions on the Royal Heath at Ascot and at Goodwood—Scamp winning the Goodwood Stakes for Sir John in 1874, and Peter's victory in the race, in 1881, for the Royal Hunt Cup, being also noteworthy. Sir John's easy defeat of the late Mr. Caledon Alexander in the match between them over the Suffolk Stakes Course during the Newmarket July Meeting of 1879, is another noticeable incident of his life. The cherry jacket and black cap of Mr. Herbert Rymill (of the Barbican Horse Repository) were successfully worn by Archer on Bruce, in the race for the Grand Prix de Paris; and Mr. Rymill's colours were likewise to the fore in 1880, when Rosy Cross won the Lincoln Handicap. The famous American sportsman, Mr. Pierre Lorillard, has had a short but glorious record on this side the Atlantic; the best remembered triumphs of the "cherry, black hoops on sleeves, black cap and gold tassel" being in the year 1881, when his horse Iroquois won the Derby, the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and the St. Leger. Sir William Throckmorton's "black and white diamonds" are in repute in flat-racing and hurdle-racing, Herald carrying his colours successfully in the contest for the Goodwood Stewards Cup in 1877, and on many another racecourse.

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CAPS AND JACKETS OF THE TURF.



The Earl of Rosebery is now far too much engrossed in matters of "high policy," as the late Lord Beaconsfield would have designated them, to take that active part in our "Isthmian Games" which our staid and circumspect Foreign Minister used to do. His "primrose and rose hoops and rose cap" have frequently triumphed on the turf. In 1883 he won the Oaks with Bonnie Jean; and earlier the same year carried off the City and Suburban with Roysterer, and the Great Metropolitan with Vista. He won the Lincoln Handicap with Controversy (which the noble Earl himself ought to have mounted, so signally able is he as a controversialist); and opened the season of 1879 by gaining the same race with Touchet. La Merveille carried off the Cambridgeshire for his Lordship, whose best two-year-old, perhaps, was the filly Kermesse. The favourite "primrose and rose" of Lord Rosebery has frequently been worn with distinction by T. Cannon. His Lordship is related by marriage to the illustrious house of Rothschild, the English branch of which has for a long period stanchly supported the Turf; the late Baron Rothschild having won the Derby of '71 with Favonius, and his famous mare Hannah securing the One Thousand, the Oaks, and St. Leger, in the same year; and a distinguished member of the same family, "Mr. Acton," having won the Derby of '79 with Sir Berys, George Fordham then gaining his first Blue Ribbon after many years of "noble horsemanship." It was on the death of Baron Lionel De Rothschild that Mr. Leopold De Rothschild assumed the family colours of "dark blue and yellow cap," they being carried by Fashion and Biserta, who won the Chester Cups in 1880 and 1883, and being sported by the winner on many other well-contested fields. Baron De Rothschild's "blue and yellow hoops and yellow cap" are more familiar on French than on English racecourses. Still, his Commandant won the Northamptonshire Stakes in 1881; and his Louis d'Or won four Queen's Plates in one year, his greatest victory being for the Doncaster Cup, which Louis d'Or snatched from two St. Leger winners—The Lambkin and Ossian.

Prince Soltykoff (whose chestnut colt Mephisto ran third in the Two Thousand), a Russian nobleman long resident in England, has for colours a "pink jacket and black cap," which the Duke of Parma carried to victory in the Cesarewitch of 1875, which Thurio carried first past the post in the Grand Prix de Paris of 1878, in the Newmarket Handicap, and in the race for the Alexandra Plate at Ascot. T. Cannon, T. Weldon, and E. Rossiter have often worn Prince Soltykoff's colours successfully. The Duke of Portland's "white, black sleeves and cap" are represented as being worn by F. Archer on the dark bay colt St. Simon, whose victories include the Trial Stakes at Newmarket, the Gold Cups at Ascot, Goodwood, Epsom, and Gosforth Park.

The "all rose" of Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P., was famous in 1867, when J. Daley steered Hermit to victory in the last Derby contested in a snowstorm. His racing career closed, Hermit made the success of Mr. Chaplin's breeding establishment at Blankney. Held in the same high repute as the "all

rose" of the "Squire of Blankney" have been the "French grey and violet cap" of Mr. H. T. Barclay, who won the Lincolnshire Handicap with Bendigo, an Irish-bred horse that gained the Cambridgeshire as a three-year-old.

"White jacket, cardinal sleeves and cap" are the colours of General Owen Williams, part owner with Mr. Robert Peck of The Bard, a Derby favourite. The "black and gold" of the late Mr. Bowes are historic as the colours of West Australian, who won the Two Thousand, the Derby, and St. Leger in 1853. Mr. Bowes also carried off the Derby of 1835 with Mundig, the Two Thousand and Derby of 1843 with Cotherstone, and the Derby of '52 with Daniel O'Rourke; Mr. Bowes' trainer being the renowned John Scott. The "straw jacket, sky-blue sleeves and cap" of Sir George Chetwynd, an active member of the Jockey Club, have often been seen to the fore, notably at Northampton in the two succeeding years in which Sir George won the Earl Spencer's Plate with Cenone and Althotas; in 1877, when the Ascot Stakes fell to Chypre; and in 1883, when Hornpipe danced in first at Goodwood for the Stewards' Cup. The "black, scarlet chevrons," of General Pearson shone with particular lustre in 1867, when the celebrated mare Achievement amply justified her name by winning the One Thousand, and by triumphing over Hermit in the St. Leger.

The "white and gold stripes, claret cap" of "Mr. Childwick" (Mr. Blundell Maple), though not included in the "Caps and Jackets" pictured, deserve passing notice as belonging to a genuine sportsman, whose Royal Hampton won the last City and Suburban by half a length from Highland Chief, but whose Saraband did not get nearer than fourth to the Duke of Westminster's colt in the Two Thousand.

The "French grey, crimson cross-belts and cap" of the Duke of St. Albans (eclipsed in the Coloured Engraving by the gay "yellow and black" of the ducal owner of Ormonde, already referred to) have had the honour of being sported by Archer. Lord Alington's colours, "chocolate and yellow sleeves," as previously stated, are the same as Sir Frederic Johnstone's. They have often been victoriously worn by Archer and Cannon. In the year of the Duke of Westminster's bereavement, 1880, his Grace's horses ran as Lord Alington's; Bend Or winning the City and Suburban in the "chocolate and yellow," and beating Iroquois in the Champion Stakes at weight for age. The "white and red spots" of Voltigeur (the Earl of Zetland's colours) were a favourite racing theme of the late Mr. Henry Dixon ("The Druid"), who for many years was a valued contributor to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. The present Lord Zetland has yet to win his Derby, but has paved the way by gaining many minor Turf triumphs.

The Earl of Ellesmere, "red, white sleeves, and black cap," just missed winning the Derby with Highland Chief in St. Blaise's year. In the "Eton blue" of Earl Cadogan, Archer won the Oaks on Lonely. Donning the "white, and blue cap," C. Wood won the Ascot Royal Hunt Cup on Mandarin, in 1879; and Captain Machell won the Liverpool Grand National of '73

with Disturbance—to mention but two of this shrewd owner's victories. Archer wore the "Eau de Nil jacket, crimson belt and cap" of Lord Hastings when he won the City and Suburban of '80 on Master Kildare. Melton won for Lord Hastings his first Derby last year. Another victory for Archer!

Should the Duke of Beaufort's "blue and white hoops, red cap" miraculously triumph at Epsom on Wednesday, no victory would be more popular than that of the princely owner of Vauban, Petronel, Scottish Queen, Gomera, Faugh a-Ballagh, and Button Park. The "all straw" of the Marquis of Hartington has also added lustre to the Turf, Belphebe, winner of the One Thousand in '77, being one of his best horses. A jockey and trainer of the front rank, Tom Cannon, as an owner, adopts the "scarlet and white hoops" of the late Marquis of Hastings as his racing colours. Those of Fred. Archer are "cerise, and French grey hoops"; and those of Robert Peck, "blue, orange sleeves." The "orange, and black belt" of Mr. Ten Broeck were the colours of the pioneer of Transatlantic Turfites in England. The best horse Mr. J. H. Houldsworth ("green and gold, and yellow cap") ever owned was Springfield. The "tricolor" of M. Lefevre will be remembered as the colours of one of the best known international sportsmen of our times.

The Duke of Hamilton, whose first colours are "cerise, French grey sleeves and cap," is also equally well known on the English and French turf. The "Grafton scarlet" of "Mr. Manton" (the racing name assumed by the Duchess of Montrose on the death of her husband, Mr. W. Stirling-Crawford) has in the past been triumphantly worn by T. Chaloner, George Fordham, C. Wood, and F. Archer; the victories of Thebais, Corrie Roy, and Craig Millar, among others, living in the chronicles of the Turf. Lord Rossmore's "green, and orange stripes" were borne to victory by Passaic in the City and Suburban of '82. The "white, scarlet sleeves, and black cap" of the Earl of Bradford have been carried to the fore by no better horse than the game Chippendale. Knight of the Garter and Martyrdom are among the distinguished bearers of Lord Calthorpe's "blue, white cap." Turfites have often seen the "pink and white stripes" of Mr. W. Gerard to the fore. The "primrose and cherry" of Mr. R. C. Naylor are famous as the colours worn by T. Chaloner when he won the Derby of '63 on Macaroni, the Two Thousand winner. The "peacock-blue body, black sleeves and cap" of Mr. Adrian are the colours of a plucky sportsman. Of the final group of "Caps and Jackets," the most noteworthy are the "white, red collar, cuffs, and cap" of Mr. John Hammond, a "self-made man," whose St. Gatien ran a dead-heat with Harvester for the Derby, and won the Ascot Gold Vase and the Cesarewitch. Readers who would learn more of our Turf celebrities should study the handsomely embellished volume, "Caps and Jackets of the Modern Turf," richly illustrated by Mr. John Sturgess with the plates we reproduce, and admirably edited by Mr. Charles W. Blake.

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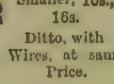
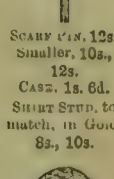
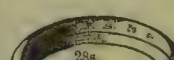
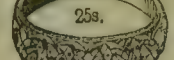
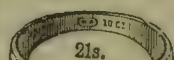
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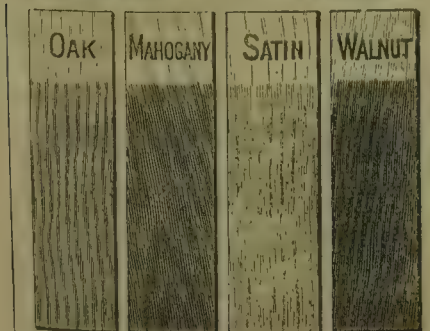
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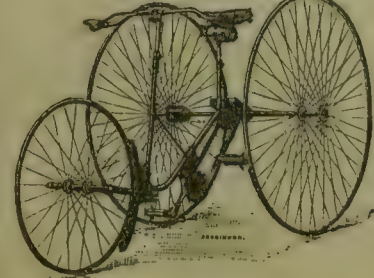
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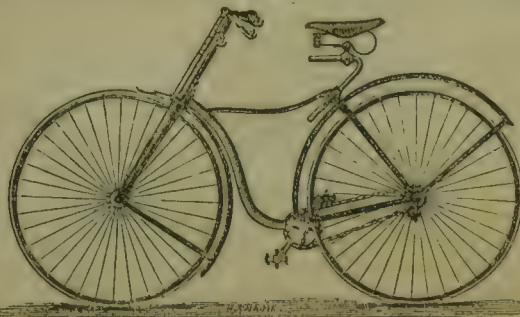
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*W. J. Legh.*



## THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

## CONCLUDING NOTICE.

We resume our survey of the more important works in this exhibition. In the East Gallery the first noticeable work is Mr. Harold S. Rathbone's "Jeanned'Arc" (140), kneeling in a chapel, stiff and hard in work, recalling the high perspective and the Neo-Gothic style of Baron Leys, without any of his good qualities. Mr. Henry Moore's "Sunset after a Storm" (142) is one of the very finest of his sea-pieces. The boat, adrift, lies helplessly on the top of the blue waves, through the transparency of which the warm evening tones are visible. It is well to compare this picture with Mr. C. Napier Hemy's "How the Boat came Home" (149), and with his "Falmouth Natives" (192), where we have two remarkable instances of boats moving through the water. In the latter case, the action of the men hauling in their nets is excellent, and in both the rendering of the sea is almost perfect. Mr. Heywood Hardy's "The Toast" (146) is a group of horsemen round the squire's doorway, cleverly composed, and skilfully painted; but the landscape in the background is either weak or careless. Mrs. K. Gardiner Hastings is entitled to score a great success with her "Wild Swans" (147). Every reader of Hans C. Andersen knows the story of Elsie weaving skirts of nettles in order to destroy the spell, and Mrs. Hastings has thrown into the eager expression of the girl, as well as into the loving confidence of her swan-brothers, an amount of sentiment which shows how fully she has grasped the inner meaning of the legend. Regarded as composition, the picture is excellent, the grouping good, and the colouring of the sea-shore and of the figures admirable. Not less successful in every respect is Mr. J. R. Reid's "Calm Evening" (151), a Cornish quay, along which two girls are walking; the sky over the bit of hill which rises abruptly on the right is tinged with the deepest yellow hues of evening, throwing a rich mellow light over every detail of the scene. Mr. J. T. Shannon's portrait of "Miss A. Beebe" (159) is one of those works of which we should like to see many more specimens in the Grosvenor Gallery. She is represented seated on a sofa, leaning forward, one arm thrown behind her; the whole neck is thus foreshortened, and is one of the cleverest and most successful portraits of the year. Mr. W. B. Richmond's portrait of "Mrs. Warren De la Rue" (163) is, perhaps, the best of his works this year; but, although the lady's face is happily rendered, and her pose full of dignity, there is something which suggests that she is not sufficiently detached from the background, and this defect appears still more strongly marked in the same artist's portrait of "Mrs. Charles Rome" (229). Mr. Forbes Robertson's portrait of "Miss Mary Anderson" (169) certainly does not merit the hard things which have been said concerning it: it is a skilful rendering of a charming face. Mr. Edward H. Fahey's "Filby Broad" (175) is one of those pretty but somewhat hard treatments of stagnant water which this artist has frequently made so attractive; but we prefer the softer tones of Mr. W. J. Hennessy's "Calvados Farm" (177), although his figures at the washing-place are somewhat wanting in solidity. If, however, Mr. Hennessy in this work shows how well he knows how to paint trees in spring, it is quite otherwise with Mr. W. S. Jay, whose "Autumn Memories" (176), a conventional pot-pourri of brown, red, and yellow leaves, belongs to a class of work too frequently inflicted upon a long-suffering public. If Mr. Jay wishes to know how autumn woods can be treated artistically, he has only to devote a short time to a visit to the galleries of the Luxembourg, or even to the Salon now open at Paris. Mr. C. E. Hallé is represented by a number of portraits, for the most part up to his usual level; but his imaginative work, "Sic transit gloria mundi" (178), loses no little of its poetry by the idea which it suggests—that the lady singing to her harp is typical of Ireland, whilst the listening, aged warrior, whose soul moves—

In the dark backward and abysm of time,

is the present Prime Minister in armour clad. Mr. G. Clausen's "Holiday Time" (182) is another instance of how this most accomplished artist is able to throw interest into the most insignificant subjects. On the river's bank, a little girl, with finger raised to her mouth, is fishing, lost in her occupation—a simple story plainly told. Miss Pickering's aim in the "Dawn" (184) is not so direct. Three angels blowing their trumpets, whilst in the corner lies a dead figure, compose a picture after the model and precept inculcated by Mr. Burne Jones. Miss Pickering excels in imitating her master's work, but she too often misses the subtle meaning which renders his so attractive. Mr. Val Prinsep's "Venetian Vista" (186) is a kind of picture which, if done, should be done well, and Mr. Woods, Mr. Logsdail, and others have done the same thing much better. Mr. David Murray's "Picardy Mill" (188), on the other hand, gives one an opportunity of properly appreciating a work of which the companion has been so scandalously treated at Burlington House. In colouring and composition this little scene, with its pond and reeds and flowers, is as charming as anything in the Exhibition. We must also speak favourably of Mr. Arthur Lemon's "Oxen Threshing" (192)—very clever and light of tone; of Mr. Mark Fisher's "May Morning" (153); of Mr. Edgar Barclay's "At Break of Day" (196) and "Cutting Rushes" (201), both of which may be described as very lady-like; and Mr. Thomas Ireland's "Last of the Leaves" (200), which would be improved were the houses thrown farther back from the boat. Mr. Eugene Benson's "Banquet Scene" (197) is another instance of "o'er vaulting ambition," and shows that the artist has a great deal to learn before he can make a successful picture out of such a subject. Among the remaining pictures worthy of notice should be mentioned Mr. W. Kennedy's "Siesta" (208), an old man and a child, good in sentiment, and well painted, especially as regards the figures. Mr. Julian Storey's "Une Incroyable" (219) is painted with French verve and skilfulness, but is cold and hard. Miss Maud Goodman's "Yum-Yum" (233) is an exceedingly clever performance, and its best praise is, that it is not lost even amid Mr. Mortimer Menpes' surprisingly attractive works. Miss Ada Bell sends a "Study of a Girl's Head" (243), which promises much for the future; and Mr. Joseph Farquharson's portrait of his brother (245) is not only an excellent likeness, but a piece of portraiture of the best school. Mr. W. Padgett's "Ferry Girl" (289), Mr. Arthur Lucas's "Poole Bay" (246), Mr. E. A. Waterlow's "Kennoek Cove" (298) are all of them more than usually good examples of studies in their various lines.

It is difficult to understand why Sir Coutts Lindsay, who is so careful in the selection of his oil-paintings, is apparently unable to bring together half a dozen water colours above the average of third-rate mediocrity. Mr. Alfred East's "Old Battersea Bridge" (322) and Monsieur Jules Lessore's "Church at Dieppe" (329) being almost the only exceptions. We are indebted to Mr. H. A. Harper's "Pool of Hezekiah" (314) for the knowledge that at Jerusalem the sky is green.

Amongst the sculpture, which this year occupies greater space than usual, Mr. J. Nelson Maclean's "Spring" (363) is the most important group. It renders in the round, the design of Mr. Alma Tadema for one of his "Seasons." Mr. Maclean must be congratulated on the way in which he has dealt with the difficulties offered by this group of

dancing maidens. Mr. Boehm's portrait of "Abbé Liszt" (349) seems to be wanting in the *diablerie* of the old musician's expression. Mr. Onslow Ford's bronze study of "Sir Andrew Clarke" (355) is full of life and strength; but Mr. Alfred Gilbert's statuette (367) is wanting in force and originality when compared with his previous work.

## THE PARIS SALON.

## SECOND NOTICE.

There are several large mural works in the Salon, more or less in the school of Puvis De Chavannes, whose great triptych in the large room was noticed last week. Among such may be mentioned the decorative panel of Baudouin, intended for the Townhall of St. Maur, showing on one side a family group and on the other a body of workmen energetically engaged moving a great block of stone. Then there is P. Lagarde's great panel designed for the Salle des Mariages of the Fifteenth Arrondissement, in two compartments. In the one we have a young mother and baby with the loving husband and father, and close by, as indicative of housewifely industry, the spinning-wheel. In the other half some children are seen giving alms to a beggar. The beggar is a favourite subject with French artists, and used to be with us; but we got the better of this weakness—this perpetuating of pauperism by the glorifying of rags—more than half a century ago. There are at least a dozen of beggar pictures—and several of them life-size, too—in the present Salon.

The same Townhall of the Fifteenth Arrondissement claims also F. Humbert's "Time of War," showing wounded soldiers being carried to the rear through the snowy streets of a beleaguered village. The cold snowy blue of winter pervades the whole canvas, even to the sensation of chilliness. Another panel by the same artist, and destined for the walls of the Pantheon, represents a warrior bidding adieu to his family, who are gathered round the door, and cling to him tenderly. Opposite this hang two parts of a large design by Commerre, which will find a home in the Townhall of the Fourth Arrondissement. On the left is an outdoor family group; and on the right, a youth making love to a shepherdess under a tree.

These works are mentioned not for any special pictorial inventions displayed, but for the purpose of showing our readers to how large an extent the French State encourages art. This is the only way to create a school and elevate national taste.

Halkett's triptych, representing a *sapinière*, through which stroll various groups, is as extensive as to canvas as any of the above; but he dispenses altogether with the mystic grey of the Puvis de Chavannes school, is not afraid of local colour, and warms up his atmosphere with the warm glow peculiar to a pine wood.

Before leaving the large canvases, we would mention Garnier's "Baptême par Immersion," in which we behold a great crowd of naked men, women, and children coming out of the water towards St. Firmin. Luna's "Spoliarium," in which we see dimly three dead warriors being dragged across the arena by torch-light, illustrative of the age of Augustus, is also a large canvas, on which bold and vigorous, if rather coarse, brushwork has been freely expended. On the opposite wall hangs a vividly-portrayed incident in the Tonquin war. Its author, Castellani, shows the French on one side making a vigorous dash at a fortified point through a small plantation of stakes, each crowned with a human skull. The sight is not altogether pleasing, but a French artist, above the men of most other nationalities, must paint what he sees. This is doubtless a sound enough canon, but why try so hard to see repulsive things?

Benjamin Constant's "Justinian," clad in purple, and seated on his throne, with the savants of his Court, in rich brocade, seated below, on his right hand and on his left, is surely the most gorgeously impressive canvas in the whole Exhibition. His young black-haired "Judith," too, whom we see, naked to the waist, standing her resolute height, and looking fearlessly forth, with both her hands behind her grasping horizontally the sword with which she is presently to achieve greatness and her nation's gratitude, is for its dramatic intensity peerless.

Remarkably impressive and suggestive, also, is Gerôme's "Napoleon the Great," seated on horseback, contemplating the Sphinx, which stares straight on with calm, eternal eyes. We have often seen the Sphinx represented on canvas, but never with a look so full of destiny as here. The armies of the modern *Edipus* are marshalled in long dim lines across the plain on his left; and, if he did not solve the grand riddle there where he sat, he has assuredly done it since.

In gentler and softer guise, ignoring the fates, and with a philosophy which *carpe horam* best expresses, Bouguereau presents us, in one of his pictures, with a lovely female embodiment of "Springtime," hugging herself, with crossed arms, from sheer gladness of soul. Flowers carpet the meadow at her feet, round which Cupids frolic, while others float upwards, and three whisper sweet things in her willing ear. As if impressed with the fact that Cupids carry things sometimes rather too far, the artist, in another most desirable picture, shows us the little god being disarmed by his mother, who, seated on a flowery bank, pulls his arms backwards towards her.

M. Flameng's "Le Bain" is a very charming composition of eighteenth century Court ladies gathered in and around a classically designed bath, whose pillared circuit is open to Versailles-like bosage. One of them steps out of her sedan-chair, and there is a nice sense of life and bustle conveyed to the spectator of the whole scene. Still more realistic, perhaps, is his "Le Jeu de Fusil," in which are seen, on a high bank, several people of the fashion of 1795, watching a landscape-painter at his work, while in the dry moat below, dominated by the castle turrets of Dieppe, some people are shooting at a target.

Another picture in which the episodes of a past age are realised with great vraisemblance is Delort's "Reception on Board the Royal Galley." A Venetian gondola, with accompanying musicians, is alongside, and up the steps trip lords and ladies to the quarter-deck, over which is spread an immense scarlet awning. The galley itself is painted pale blue, and the whole of its appointments are of the most gorgeous French character, and these are thrown up all the more vividly by the plain black, elegantly-proved gondolas.

Robert Fleury contents himself this year with sending two male portraits of cabinet size. They are of rare excellence, and in every way worthy of his high renown. Bonnat's three-quarter presentment of the famous M. Pasteur, whom we see, a square-headed, capable looking man, standing full front towards us, with his right hand in the breast of his buttoned-up coat, and his left placed lovingly over the shoulder of his little grand-daughter, and holding her hand tenderly, is deservedly one of the most popular portrait groups in the Salon. Cabanel also has two magnificent portraits of the pious founder and foundress of a religious order. Carolus Duran sends a charming portrait of a young lady, and of a no less fascinating nymph lying on a couch against a golden background, to whom is given the appropriate name of "Eveil." And, while on the subject of nymphs and nomads, we would draw attention to two large pictures by Robert Barrett Browning, which flank a magnificent picture of "Spring

Roses," by Bourgogne. The first, "Dolce far niente," shows two nymphs sitting and one lying by a green woodland pool, while a third stands and throws up her arms languidly, rather lazily, for she is of magnificent proportions and physique; the other shows a young faun, seated on an eminence in a wooded landscape, piping to some listening nymphs, while another, less musically inclined, stoops her head so that the water of a tiny cascade may flow over it refreshingly. The figures in both works are naturally grouped, and admirably drawn; our only doubt is whether the flesh tints are in perfect keeping with the landscape.

John S. Sargent's portrait of two ladies, mother and daughter, the one in black and the other in red, is, in a measure, quiet in tone compared to his former works; and, because it is less assertive and defiant, some would-be critics fancy they discover symptoms of falling off. The best corrective for any notion of this kind is for the alarmist to go to the Royal Academy and stand before Mr. Sargent's portraits of the Misses Vickers, and then they will see all the Velasquez-like bravura of brush which first called forth our admiration several years ago, and enabled us to announce to the world that a new master had arisen among us. Miss M. B. Hall's "Fantine," looking wistfully at the spectator across the baby's cradle as she rocks, is admirable both in sentiment and art.

William Stott, of Oldham, whose gifts we were also among the first to recognise, is this year represented by a delightful "Jour d'Été," and by a remarkably sweet portrait of Miss White, of Aberdeen, standing, her willowy height, sideways, with her violin in position, as if about to play. The pose is admirable, and the colouring subdued and harmonious. Simple and perfect also in attitude is Mr. Whistler's portrait of the famous Spanish violinist, Sarasate. It held a place of honour in the British Artists last year, and its place in the Salon of 1886 is no less distinguished.

While among musical subjects we must by no means pass over the admirably painted "Trio" by Hubert Denman, of New York, and a similar subject, representing a young man standing with first violin between two young ladies, one of whom plays the violoncello and the other the harp, by one of the gifted Harrisons, of Philadelphia. Then, in the sculpture garden, we have John Donoghue's (of Chicago) full-length figure of young Sophocles striking triumphantly his horned lyre after the battle of Salamis. This is one of the finest statues in the Salon, and follows very much the perfect line and classic beauty for which our own Hamo Thornycroft is so distinguished. But there are many American artists of high repute, and of both sexes, who might be mentioned did space permit. The progress made by our American cousins within the present generation is simply immense—Blashfield, Bridgman, McEwen, Miss Brewster, and a score besides.

Returning to our French brethren, we award our most emphatic praise to Maignan's "Awakening of Juliet" in the tomb, just as Romeo clasps her round the waist. It is scarcely a strict illustration of Shakespeare's text, but as a composition it is dramatically telling. Like admiration belongs to Jules Breton's peasants in a field gathered round an extemporised fire, at which they will enjoy the mid-day meal; Henner's "Solitude," and his "Orpheline," Boulanger's "Roman Slave Market," and the "Grand Inquisitor" of J. P. Laurens; the "Madame Roland," walking with stately mien through the jeering crowd at Sainte Pélagie, by E. Carpentier; "The Triumph of Venus," by Barrias; and Henry Levy's magnificent treatment of "The Death of St. John the Baptist." There is no gory head in a charger, but the saint, cross in hand, in a mood of lofty enthusiasm, is seen rushing on, in a blaze of glory, unconsciously to meet his fate, which descends the steps of the building in the shape of a messenger with sabre already drawn.

If, however, the severed head is to be represented, Saint-Germier's "Herodias," half-robed, and seated on a rich gold couch, is undoubtedly a work of art in a high sense; and certainly no less can be said of Toudouze's "Salomé—Triomphante," whom we behold reclining on a lion's skin which has been thrown over a gold throne, and, rose-crowned, and wearing costly anklets and bracelets, the daughter of Herod Philip and Herodias leans luxuriously on her elbow and looks out of the picture with calm, conscious triumph in her handsome face, while the severed head of John lies in the historic charger at her feet. The Oriental idea, both moral and physical, was never better realised; and these two pictures are in several respects worthy of ranking with Benjamin Constant's "Judith." J. F. R.

A greater contrast cannot well be imagined than "an active city life" and devotion to trout-fishing. To this combination of money-making and health-seeking we, as the preface informs the reader, owe the latest contribution to the anglers' library—*Floating Flies*, by Frederic M. Halford (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington). It is only indirectly that the work treats of angling in its applied out-door branches. The treatise is concerning floating flies and how to dress them, and the author—taught originally by Mr. George Selwyn Marryat, whom every water-keeper upon the best streams in the South of England holds up to the tyro as the most perfect modern master of the gentle craft—confesses that the art of fly-tying has given him a most pleasurable occupation during the long winter months, when business in the city kept him pent, or spawning time enforced absence from the trout-streams. Forty years ago most trout-fishermen dressed their own flies. Blacker's book was, and to a great extent still is, the standard authority upon the technicalities of the subject. Upon the banks of our rivers there have always been old hands, often a shoemaker or an ostler, who were adepts in the business, and it was by them that the mysteries were practically transmitted. The march of civilisation has considerably altered the conditions of trout-fishing. The fish appear to have shared in the education movement, and with the multiplication of anglers, and perhaps the altered state of the rivers consequent upon an improved system of drainage, they have become so shy that the easy old operation of whipping with a couple of flies no longer answers. The Hampshire angling school of to-day have developed in consequence the difficult practice of floating, or dry fly-fishing, by which the angler uses the finest tackle and one fly only, which, by repeated swishes through the air, must be made to alight on the surface of the clear water perfectly dry, and to float unhindered, with upright wings, in close imitation of the newly-hatched ephemera. To produce these delicate artificial flies much study of the duns and drakes of the chalk streams is necessary; and to copy them effectually the nicest handiwork is essential. Thus, for the first time, we have a work devoted solely to a study of the duns and their transformations, together with minute instructions in the many processes necessary to a successful imitation. The book is fully illustrated, and the author could do no less than compliment his publishers upon the plates of hand-coloured engravings, ninety in number, of flies suitable for such chalk streams as Test, Itchen, and Kennet. Nothing half so excellent has ever been achieved before, and the book in all respects is one of which author, publishers, engravers on stone and wood, and colourists may be honestly proud. A handsome large-paper edition was disposed of before publication.



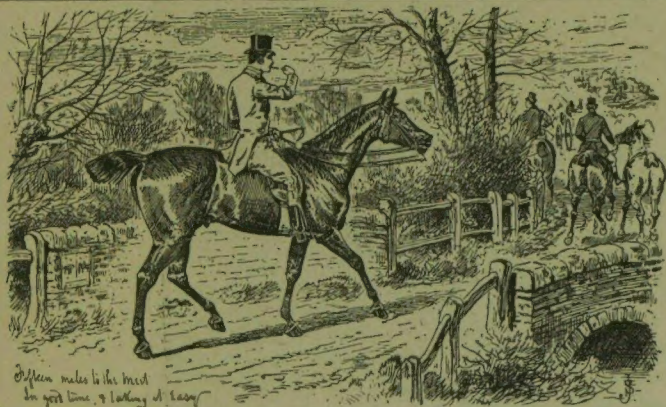


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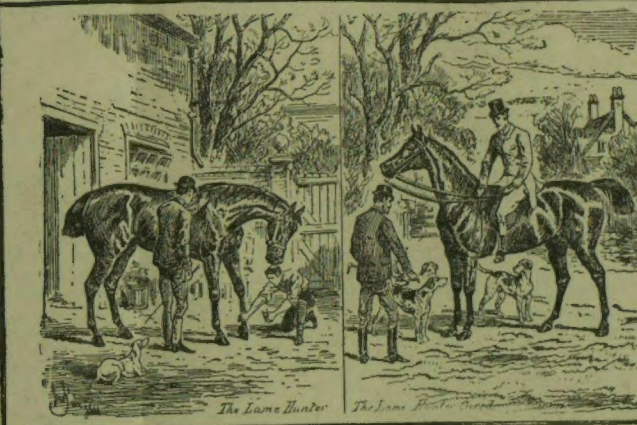
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